

THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXX.

SWIFT, VOL. III. IV.



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

O SWIFT ! if fame be life (as well we know
That birds and hervey have when 'd it so)
Thou canst not wholly die ; thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine. PARNELL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



A PANEGRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH*.

1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean! for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now in all our sex's name 5
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign. 10
How well to win the ladies' hearts
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my 'spirits rais'd,
By you so oft', so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue, 15
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,

* The lady of Sir Arthur Chescau.

To modesty a weak pretence,
 And soon grow pert on men of sense; 20
 To shew my face with scornful air,
 Let others match it if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
 O! may I never once forget
 The bard who humbly deigns to choose 25
 Me for the subject of his Muse
 Behind my back, before my nose,
 He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns
 To make you suitable returns: 30
 My gratitude the world shall know:
 And see, the printer's boy below!
 Ye Hawkers all! your voices lift;
 "A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
 And then, to mend the matter still, 35
 "By Lady Anne of Market-hill*!"

I thus begin: My grateful Muse
 Salutes the Dean in different views;
 Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
 Robert and Darby's† coadjutor; 40
 And as you in commission sit,
 To rule the dairy next to Kit‡.

In each capacity I mean
 To sing your praise. And, first, as Dean,

* A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's house, where the Author passed two summers.

† The names of two overseers.

My Lady's footman.

Envy must own you understand your 45
 Precedence, and support your grandeur,
 Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
 Except to give Dean Daniel place,
 In such dignity appears,
 So suited to your state and years ! 50
 With ladies what a strict decorum !
 With what devotion you adore 'em ;
 Treat me with so much complaisance,
 As fits a princess in romance !
 By your example and assistance 55
 The fellows learn to know their distance.
 Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
 No longer calls me Snipe and Slattern ;
 Nor dares he, tho' he were a duke,
 Offend me with the least rebuke. 60
 Proceed we to your preaching* next ;
 How nice you split the hardest text !
 How your superior learning shines
 Above our neighb'ring dull divines !
 At Beggar's Opera† not so full-pit 65
 Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
 Consider now your conversation,
 Regardful of your age and station,
 You ne'er was known, by passion stirr'd,
 To give the least offensive word, 70
 But still, whene'er you silence break,
 Watch ev'ry syllable you speak :

* The Author preached but once while he was there.

† A play written by Mr. Gay.

Your style so clear, and so concise, We never ask to hear you twice.	
But then, a parson so genteel, So nicely clad from head to heel; So fine a gown, a band so clean, As well become St. Patrick's Dean; Such reverential awe express, That cow-boys know you by your dress!	75
Then if our neighb'ring friends come here, How proud are we when you appear, With such address and graceful port, As clearly shews you bred at court!	80
Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean, I lead you to a nobler scene. When to the vault you walk in state, In quality of butler's* mate, You next to Dennis† bear the sway; To you we often trust the key;	85
Nor can he judge with all his art So well what bottle holds a quart, What pints may best for bottles pass, Just to give ev'ry man his glass;	90
When proper to produce the best, And what may serve a common guest. With Dennis you did ne'er combine, Not you, to steal your master's wine, Except a bottle now and then, To welcome brother serving-men;	95 100

* He sometimes used to direct the butler.

† The butler.

But that is with a good design,
 To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
 Your master's honour to maintain,
 And get the like returns again.

Your usher's* post must next be handled. 105
 How bless'd am I by such a man led!
 Under whose wise and careful guardship
 I now despise fatigue and hardship:
 Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
 Tho' draggled round I scorn to fret. 110
 From you my chamber-damsels learn
 My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you,
 Which never yet one friend has lost you.
 You judge so nicely to a hair 115
 How far to go, and when to spare;
 By long experience grown so wise,
 Of ev'ry taste to know the size,
 There's none so ignorant or weak
 'To take offence at what you speak†. 120
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case,
 Whether with Dermot or his Grace;
 With Teague O'Murphy or an earl,
 A duchess or a kitchen-girl,
 With such dexterity you fit 125
 Their sev'ral talents with your wit;

* He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.

† The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of railery.

That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagen* take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble suitor,
To let me praise you as my tutor†. 130

Poor I ! a savage bred and born,

By you instructed ev'ry morn,

Already have improv'd so well,

That I have almost learn'd to spell.

The neighbours who come here to dine 135

Admire to hear me speak so fine.

How enviously the ladies look,

When they surprise me at my book !

And, sure as they're alive at night,

As soon as gone, will show their spite. 140

' Good Lord ! what can my Lady mean,

' Conversing with that rusty Dean !

' She's grown so nice and so penurious‡,

' With Socrates and Epicurius.

' How could she sit the live-long day, 145

' Yet never ask us once to play ?

But I admire your patience most,

That when I'm duller than a post,

Nor can the plainest word pronounce,

You neither fume, nor fret, nor founce; 150

* The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. See the poem.

† In bad weather the Author used to direct my Lady in her reading.

‡ Ignorant ladies often mistake the word *penurious* for nice and dainty.

Are so indulgent and so mild,
 As if I were a darling child.
 So gentle is your whole proceeding,
 That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily, 155
 Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily;
 And to a genius so extensive
 No work is grievous or offensive;
 Whether your fruitful fancy lies
 To make for pigs convenient styes, 160
 Or ponder long, with anxious thought,
 To banish rats that haunt our vault:
 Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean!
 To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
 To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in, 165
 And cure the rank unsav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
 Such charming butter* never man made.
 Let others, with fanatic face,
 Talk of their milk for babes of grace, 170
 From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter,
 Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
 The bishop with his foot may burn it†,
 But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
 How are the servants overjoy'd 175
 To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by putting cream into a bottle, and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil, or the bishop, has set his foot in it, the devil having been called Bishop of hell.

- Instead of poring on a book,
 Providing butter for the cook !
 Three morning-hours you toss and shake
 The bottle till your fingers ache : 180
 Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
 The butter from the whey to part;
 Behold a frothy substance rise !
 Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
 The butter conies, our fears are ceast, 185
 And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
 Your Rev'rence thus, with like success,
 (Nor is your skill or labour less,)
- When bent upon some smart lampoon,
 Will toss and turn your brain till noon, 190
 Which in its jumbings round the scull
 Dilates, and makes the vessel full ;
 While nothing comes but froth at first,
 You think your giddy head will burst ;
 But squeezing out four lines in rhyme, 195
 Are largely paid for all your time.
- But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
 To works of more exalted kind.
 Palladio was not half so skill'd in
 The grandeur or the art of building. 200
 Two temples of magnific size
 Attract the ourious trav'ller's eyes,
 That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
 Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks.
 Here gentle goddess Cloacine 205
 Receives all off'rings at her shrine ;

In sep'rate cells the hees and shees
 Here pay their vows with bended knees;
 For 'tis profane when sexes mingle;
 And ev'ry nymph must enter single, 210
 And when she feels an inward motion,
 Come fill'd with rev'rence and devotion.
 The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
 Shall creep no more behind a bush;
 Here unobserv'd she boldly goes, 215
 As who should say, to pluck a rose.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,
 Be not ungrateful to the Dean,
 But duly, ere you leave your station,
 Offer to him a pure libation, 220
 Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
 Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
 And, O! may all who hither come
 Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praise, 225
 I sigh to think of ancient days.
 Permit me then to raise my style,
 And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess, Cloacine!
 To temples why do we confine? 230
 Forbid in open air to breathe,
 Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
 (That Golden Age to gold unknown,) 235
 This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
 Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind:

Ten thousand altars, smoking round,
 Were built to thee, with offerings crown'd;
 And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd
 Their sacrifice with zeal and haste : 240
 The margin of a purling stream
 Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
 (I'ho' sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink
 If Naiads swept them from the brink,)
 Or where appointing lovers rove, 245
 The shelter of a shady grove;
 Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
 Were wafted by a gentle gale.
 There many a flow'r abstensive grew,
 Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue ! 250
 The crocus and the daffodil,
 The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquill.
 But when at last usurping Jove
 Old Saturn from his empire drove,
 Then Gluttony with greasy paws 255
 Her napkin pin'd up to her jaws,
 With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin,
 Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
 Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
 And on her plate a treble share, 260
 As if she ne'er could have enough,
 Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
 She sent her priest in wooden shoes
 From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
 Instead of wholesome bread and cheese, 265
 To dress their soups and fricasees;

And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, Goddess! to a cell; 270
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.

First lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap;
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face, 275

Her belly burst, and slow her pace;
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing Asthma, loath to stir;
Voluptuous Ease, the child of Wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth: 280

None seek thee now in open air;
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean,
From whence unsav'ry vapours rose, 285
Offensive to thy nicer nose.

Ah! who, in our degen'rate days,
As Nature prompts, his off'ring pays?
Here Nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade. 290

Ye great ones! why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your couches' side?
When from the homeliest earthen ware 295
Are sent up off'rings more sincere,

Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains, 300
Whose off'rings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks,
Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn 305
The humble branches of a thorn;
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.

Hither by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft' I tread; 310
Here, when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witness for me, Nymph divine! 315
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious Muse! in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime. 320
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hope expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus in a midnight dream 325
Accosting, said, 'Go shake your cream.

' Be humbly minded, know your post ;
 ' Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast
 ' Thrice best befits a lowly style ;
 ' Teach Dennis how to stir the guile ; 330
 ' With Peggy Dixon thoughtful sit,
 ' Contriving for the pot and spit :
 ' Take down thy proudly-swelling sails,
 ' And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails :
 ' At nicely carving shew thy wit, 335
 ' But ne'er presume to eat a bit :
 ' Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye,
 ' And ev'ry guest be sure to ply :
 ' Let never at your board be known
 ' An empty plate except your own. 340
 ' Be these thy arts, nor higher aim
 ' Than what befits a rural dame.'

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
 Sleek ——— claims her as his right ;
 And Smedley *, flow'r of all divines,
 Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines. 346

* A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited parson, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

Occasioned by reading the following

MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT :

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.*

" In the adversity of our best friends we always find
" something that doth not displease us."

WRITTEN IN NOV. 1731.

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe them true ;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest 5
Is thought too base for human breast,
' In all distresses of our friends
' We first consult our private ends,
' While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
' Points out some circumstance to please us.' 10
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show 15
Stand high himself, keep others low ?

I love my friend as well as you,
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post,
 Suppose it but an inch at most. 20
 If in a battle you should find
 One whom you love of all mankind
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
 Rather than thus be overtopp'd, 25
 Would you not wish his laurels crop'd?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;
 How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad the case is not your own! 30
 What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he?
 But rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell?
 Her end when Emulation misses, 35
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses.
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain human-kind! fantastic race! 40
 Thy various follies who can trace?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
 'Tis all on me an usurpation,
 I have no title to aspire, 45
 Yet when you sink I seem the higher.

- In Pope I cannot read a line
 But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six, 50
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own hum'rous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Re in'd it first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose, 60
 And till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortify'd my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents Heav'n hath bless'd 'em, 65
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?
 To all my foes, dear Fortune! send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
 I tamely can endure the first,
 But this with envy makes me burst. 70
 Thus much may servé by way of poem;
 Proceed we therefore to our Poem.
 The time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of Nature die;
 When, I foresee, my special friends 75
 Will try to find their private ends;

And tho' 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak;
 ' See how the Dean begins to break ! 80
 ' Poor Gentleman ! he droops apace ;
 ' You plainly find it in his face :
 ' That old vertigo in his head
 ' Will never leave him till he's dead.
 ' Besides, his memory decays ; 85
 ' He recollects not what he says ;
 ' He cannot call his friends to mind,
 ' Forgets the place where last he din'd ;
 ' Plies you with stories o'er and o'er,
 ' He told them fifty times before. 90
 ' How does he fancy we can sit
 ' To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 ' But he takes up with younger folks,
 ' Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 ' Faith he must make his stories shorter, 95
 ' Or change his comrades once a-quarter :
 ' In half the time he talks them round ;
 ' There must another set be found.
 ' For poetry he's past his prime ;
 ' He takes an hour to find a rhyme ; 100
 ' His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 ' His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 ' I'd have him throw away his pen ;—
 ' But there's no talking to some men.
 And then their tenderness appears 105
 By adding largely to my years.

' He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 ' And well remembers Charles the Second :
 ' He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
 ' And that, I doubt, is no good sign. 110
 ' His stomach, too, begins to fail :
 ' Last year we thought him strong and hale,
 ' But now he's quite another thing ;
 ' I wish he may hold out till spring.'
 They hug themselves, and reason thus, 115
 It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortunes to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend. 120
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess.
 (When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, ' Worse and worse !')
 Would please them better than to tell 125
 That, God be prais'd ! the Dean is well.
 Then he who prophesy'd the best
 Approves his foresight to the rest :
 ' You know I always fear'd the worst,
 ' And often told you so at first.' 130
 He'd rather choose that I should die
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretels I shall recover,
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain 135
 Just in the parts where I complain ;

How many a message would he send?
 What hearty prayers that I should mend?
 Inquire what regimen I kept,
 What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good Companions! never fear,
 For tho' you may mistake a year,
 Tho' your prognostics run too fast, 145
 They must be verif'y'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 How is the Dean? He's just alive—
 Now the departing pray'r is read;—
 He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead. 150

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news thro' half the town is run.
 'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 'What has he left? and who's his heir?'
 "I know no more than what the news is; 155
 "Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."

'To public uses! there's a whim!
 'What had the public done for him?
 'Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
 'He gave it all—But first he dy'd. 160
 'And had the Dean in all the nation
 'No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 'So ready to do strangers good,
 "Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd; 165
 With elegies the Town is cloy'd;

Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
 To curse the Dean or bless the Drapier.
 The Doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame. 170

' We must confess his case was nice,
 ' But he would never take advice :
 ' Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 ' He might have liv'd these twenty years,
 ' For when we open'd him, we found 175
 ' That all his vital parts were sound.'

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court the Dean is dead,
 And Lady Suffolk in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell — 180
 The *** so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, ' Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
 ' He's dead, you say; *** rot;
 ' I'm glad the medals were forgot.
 ' I promis'd him, I own; but when? 185
 ' I only was the *—* then;
 ' But now as consort of the ***
 ' You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing.'

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy: 190
 ' Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 ' (Cries Bob,) I'm sorry for the news.
 ' Oh ! were the wretch but living still,
 ' And in his place my good friend Will!
 ' Or had a mitre on his head, 195
 ' Provided Bolingbroke were dead !'

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains !
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Reviv'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. 200
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
 Revive the libels born to die,
 Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent 205
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 ' I'm sorry—but we all must die !'

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies ;
 For how can stony bowels melt 215
 In those who never pity felt ?
 When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear, 220
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between ;
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling ;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,

- Receive the news in doleful dumps;
 ' The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps ?)
 ' Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
 ' (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.) 230
 ' Six deans, they say, must bear the pall,
 ' (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 ' Madam your husband will attend
 ' The fun'ral of so good a friend.'
 " No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight, 235
 " And he's engaged to-morrow night;
 " My Lady Club will take it ill
 " If he should fail at her quadrille.
 " He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240
 " His time was come; he ran his race;
 " We hope he's in a better place."
 Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a diff'rent scene ! 245
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas ! is no more miss'd
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo ?
 Departed:—' and his works must follow ;' 250
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.
 Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, ' I have heard the name ;' 255
 ' He dy'd a year ago.' " The same."

He searches all the shops in vain;
 ' Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;
 ' I sent them with a load of books,
 ' Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's. 260
 ' To fancy they could live a year!
 ' I find you're but a stranger here.
 ' The Dean was famous in his time,
 ' And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
 ' His way of writing now is past; 265
 ' The town has got a better taste.
 ' I keep no antiquated stuff,
 ' But spick and span I have enough.
 ' Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em;
 ' Here Colly Cibber's birth-day poem. 270
 ' This ode you never yet have seen,
 ' By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
 ' Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 ' Against the Craftsman and his friend;
 ' It clearly shews that all reflection 275
 ' On ministers is disaffection.
 ' Next here's Sir Robert's Vindication,
 ' And Mr. Henley's last oration:
 ' The hawkers have not got them yet:
 ' Your honour please to have a set? 280
 ' Here's Woolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition;
 ' 'Tis read by ev'ry politician.
 ' The country members, when in town,
 ' To all their boroughs send them down;
 ' You never met a thing so smart; 285
 ' The courtiers have them all by heart.

- ' Those maids of honour, who can read,
 ' Are taught to use them for their creed.
 ' The rev'rend author's good intention
 ' Hath been rewarded with a poison : 290
 ' He doth an honour to his gown,
 ' By bravely running priestcraft down ;
 ' He shews, as sure as God's in Gloc'ster,
 ' That ——— was a grand impostor,
 ' That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 ' Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
 ' The church had never such a writer ;
 ' A shame he hath not got a mitre !
 Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose, 300
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat,
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without,
 One, quite indiff'rent in the cause, 305
 My character impartial draws :
 ' The Dean, if we believe report,
 ' Was never ill receiv'd at court :
 ' Altho' ironically grave,
 ' He sham'd the fool and lash'd the knave : 310
 ' To steal a hint was never known,
 ' But what he writ was all his own.'
 " Sir, I have heard another story,
 " He was a most confounded Tory ;
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd, 31
 " Extremely dull before he dy'd,"

- ' Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 ' Is not our nation in his debt ?
 ' 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters ?—
 " He should have left them for his betters ; 320
 " We had a hundred abler men,
 " Nor need depend upon his pen.—
 " Say what you will about his reading,
 " You never can defend his breeding,
 " Who in his satires running riot, 325
 " Could never leave the world in quiet,
 " Attacking when he took the whim,
 " Court, city, camp,—all one to him.—
 " But why would he, except he slobber'd,
 " Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert ? 330
 " Whose counsels aid the sov'reign pow'r
 " To save the nation ev'ry hour ?
 " What scenes of evil he unravels
 " In satires, libels, lying travels !
 " Not sparing his own clergy cloth, 335
 " But eats into it like a moth !"—
 ' Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 ' Had too much satire in his vein,
 ' And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 ' Because no age could more deserve it : 340
 ' Yet malice never was his aim ;
 ' He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name :
 ' No individual could resent,
 ' Where thousands equally were meant :
 ' His satire points at no defect 34
 ' But what all mortals may correct ;

- ' For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
 ' Who call it humour when they gibe.
 ' He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 ' Whose owners set not up for beaux : 350
 ' True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 ' Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 ' Those who their ignorance confess'd
 ' He ne'er offended with a jest;
 ' But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote 355
 ' A verse from Horace, learn'd by rote.
 ' Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 ' Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
 ' If you resent it, who's to blame?
 ' He neither knew you nor your name. 360
 ' Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 ' Because its owner is a duke?
 ' His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 ' Were always of the middling kind ;
 ' No fools of rank, or mongrel breed, 365
 ' Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 ' Where titles give no right or power,
 ' And peerage is a wither'd flower :
 ' He would have deem'd it a disgrace
 ' If such a wretch had known his face. 370
 ' On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 ' He vented oft' his wrath in vain ;
 ' — squires to market brought,
 ' Who sell their souls and — for nought ;
 ' The — go joyful back 375
 ' To — the church, their tenants rack,

- ' Go snacks with *****
 ' And keep the peace to pick up fees ;
 ' In ev'ry job to have a share,
 ' A jail or t—np—e to repair, 380
 ' And turn the ——— for public roads
 ' Commodious to their own abodes.
 ' He never thought an honour done him,
 ' Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 ' Would rather slip aside, and choose, 385
 ' To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 ' And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 ' So often seen carousing Chartres.
 ' He never courted men in station,
 ' Nor persons held in admiration ; 390
 ' Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 ' Because he sought for no man's aid.
 ' Tho' trusted long in great affairs,
 ' He gave himself no haughty airs :
 ' Without regarding private ends, 395
 ' Spent all his credit for his friends,
 ' And only chose the wise and good,
 ' No flatt'ers, no allies in blood ;
 ' But succour'd virtue in distress,
 ' And seldom fail'd of good success, 400
 ' As numbers in their hearts must own,
 ' Who but for him had been unknown.
 ' He kept with princes due decorum,
 ' Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 ' He follow'd David's lesson just, 405
 ' In princes never put his trust ;

- ' And, would you make him truly sour,
 ' Provoke him with a slave in power.
 ' The I—sh S —te if you nam'd,
 ' With what impatience he declain'd ! 410
 ' Fair Liberty was all his cry ;
 ' For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 ' For her, he boldly stood alone ;
 ' For her he oft expos'd his own.
 ' Two kingdoms, just as faction led, 415
 ' Had set a price upon his head,
 ' But not a traitor could be found
 ' To sell him for six hundred pound.
 ' Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 ' He might have rose like other men ; 420
 ' But pow'r was never in his thought,
 ' And wealth he valu'd not a groat.
 ' Ingratitude he often found,
 ' And pity'd those who meant the wound,
 ' But kept the tenor of his mind 425
 ' To merit well of human-kind ;
 ' Nor made a sacrifice of those
 ' Who still were true to please his foes.
 ' He labour'd nany a fruitless hour
 ' To reconcile his friends in power ; 430
 ' Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 ' While they pursu'd each other's ruin ;
 ' But finding vain was all his care,
 ' He left the court in mere despair.
 ' And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 ' Here ended all our golden dreams,

What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 ' What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 ' To save their sinking country lent,
 ' Was all destroy'd by one event ; 440
 ' Too soon that precious life was ended
 ' On which alone our weal depended.
 ' When up a dang'rous faction starts,
 ' With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
 ' By Solemn League and Cot'nant bound, 445
 ' To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 ' To turn religion to a fable,
 ' And make the government a Babel ;
 ' Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 ' Corrupt the s——te, rob the o—— ; 450
 ' To sacrifice old E——d's glory,
 ' And make her infamous in story.
 ' When such a tempest shook the land,
 ' How could unguarded Virtue stand ?
 ' With horror, grief, despair, the Dean * 455
 ' Beheld the dire destructive scene ;
 ' His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 ' Himself within the frown of Power ;
 ' Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
 ' Far to the land of S—— and fens, 460
 ' A servile race, in folly nur'd,
 ' Who truckle most when treated worst,
 ' By innocence and resolution
 ' He bore continual persecution,
 ' While numbers to preferment rose ; 465
 ' Whose merit were to be his foes ;

- ' When ev'n his own familiar friends,
 ' Intent upon their private ends,
 ' Like renegadoes, now he feels,
 ' Against him lifting up their heels. 470
 ' The Dean did by his pen defeat
 ' An infamous destructive cheat ;
 ' Taught fools their int'rest how to know,
 ' And gave them arms to ward the blow,
 ' ~~Heavy~~ hath own'd it was his doing, 475
 ' To save that hapless land from ruin,
 ' While they who at the steerage stood,
 ' And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
 ' To save them from their evil fate
 ' In him was held a crown of state, 480
 ' A wicked monster on the bench,
 ' Whose fury blood could never quench ;
 ' As vile and profligate a villain
 ' As modern Screggs or old Tressilian ;
 ' ~~Who~~ long all justice had discarded. 485
 ' Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
 ' Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 ' And make him of his zeal repent ;
 ' But Heav'n his innocence defends ;
 ' The grateful people stand his friends : 490
 ' Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
 ' Nor topics brought to please the c——,
 ' Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 ' Prevail to bring him in convict.
 ' In exile with a steady heart 495
 ' He spent his life's declining part,

- ' Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 ' Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.'
 " Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a misanthrope ; 500
 " This into gen'ral odium drew him,
 " Which, if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But discontent against the times ;
 " For had we made him timely offers 505
 " To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown. >
 " For party he would scarce have bled :—
 " I say no more—because he's dead— 510
 " What writings has he left behind ?—
 ' I hear they're of a diff'rent kind :
 ' A few in verse ; but most in prose.—
 ' Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose,
 " All scribbled in the worst of times, 515
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
 " To praise Queen Anna, nay, more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the Pretender :—
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spite. 520
 " Perhaps his Travels, part the Third,
 " A lie at ev'ry second word—
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :—
 " But—not one sermon, you may swear."
 ' He knew an hundred pleasant stories, 525
 ' With all the turns of Whigs and Tories ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

- " Was cheerful to his dying day,
 ' And friends would let him have his way.'
 " As for his works in verse or prose, 530
 " I own myself no judge of those;
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
 " But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 " As with a moral view design'd,
 " To please and to reform mankind;
 " And if he often miss'd his aim, 535
 " The world must own it, to their shame,
 " The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad;
 " To shew, by one satiric touch, 540
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better:
 " And since you dread no further lashes,
 " Methinks you may forgive his ashes." 545

CASSINUS AND PETER,

A TRAGICAL ELEBY.

[1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
 Both equal wits, and lovers both,

Conferring as they us'd to meet
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet,
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
 Cassinus this, and t'other Peter,)

Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
 To chat awhile and warm his nose;
 But such a sight was never seen,
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen;
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed,
 One greasy stocking round his head,
 The other he sat down to darn
 With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn;
 His breeches torn, exposing wide
 A ragged shirt and tawny hide:
 Scorcht'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
 But well embrown'd with dirt and hair:
 A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown;
 A rug—for night-gown he had none:
 His jordan stood in manner fitting,
 Between his legs to spue or spit in;
 His ancient pipe in sable dy'd,
 And half unsmok'd, lay by his side,
 Him thus accoutred Peter found,
 With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd,
 The leavings of his last night's pot
 On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy! thou wilt doze thy pate;
 What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
 The finch, the lark, and the thrush,
 Their matins chaunt in ev'ry bush;

And I have heard thee oft' salute
Aurora with thy early flute.

Heav'n send thou hast not got the hips !
How ! not a word come from thy lips ?

Then gave him some familiar thumps —
A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cry'd, ' Celia !' thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

' Dear Cassy ! tho' to ask I dread,

' Yet ask I must—Is Celia dead ?'

' How happy I were that the worst !

' But I was fated to be curs'd.'

' Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore ?'

' Oh Peter, would it were no more !'

' Why, plague confound her sandy locks ;

' Say, has the small or greater pox

' Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?

' Be easy, 'tis a common case.'

' O Peter ! beauty's but a varnish,

' Which time and accident will garnish ;

' But Celia has contriv'd to blast

' Those beauties that might ever last :

' Nor can imagination guess,

' Nor eloquence divine express,

' How that ungrateful charming maid

' My purest passion has betray'd.

' Conceive the most envenom'd dart

' To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.'

' Why, hang her ! tho' she seems silly,

' I know she loves the barber's boy.'

' Friend Peter ! this I could excuse,
 ' For ev'ry nymph has leave to choose ;
 ' Nor have I reason to complain
 ' She loves a more deserving swain :
 ' But oh ! how ill hast thou divin'd
 ' A crime that shocks all human-kind ;
 ' A deed unknown to female race,
 ' At which the sun should hide his face ;
 ' Advice in vain you would apply——
 ' Then leave me to despair and die.
 ' Ye kind Arcadians ! on my urn
 ' These elegies and sonnets burn ;
 ' And on the marble grave these rhymes,
 ' A monument to after times ;
 ' *Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,*
 ' *And, dying, never told his pain.*
 ' Vain empty world ! farewell. But, hark !
 ' The loud Cerberian triple bark. *
 ' And there——behold Alecto stand !
 ' A whip of scorpions in her hand.
 ' Lo ! Charon from his leaky wherry
 ' Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
 ' I come, I come,—Medusa ! see,
 ' Her serpents hiss direct at me.
 ' Begone ; unhand me, hellish fry :
 ' Awaunt !——ye cannot say 'tis I.
 ' " Dear Cassy ! thou must purge and bleed ;
 ' " I fear thou wilt be mad indeed."
 ' " But now, by friendship's sacred band,
 ' " I here conjure thee tell the cause.

“ And Celia’s horrid fact relate ;
“ Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.”
 ‘ To force it out my heart must rend ;
‘ Yet when conjur’d by such a friend—
‘ Think, Peter ! how my soul is rack’d !
‘ These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.
‘ Now bend thine ear, since out it must,
‘ But when thou seest me laid in dust,
‘ The secret thou shalt ne’er impart,
‘ Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart,
‘ (How would her virgin-soul bemoan
‘ A crime to all her sex unknown !)
‘ Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
‘ The blackest of all female deeds ;
‘ Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
‘ Where Echo sits, and list’ning mocks ;
‘ Nor let the zephyrs’ treach’rous gale
‘ Thro’ Cambridge waft the direful tale ;
‘ Nor to the chatt’ring feather’d race
‘ Discover Celia’s foul disgrace .
‘ But if you fall, my spectre, dread,
‘ Attending nightly round your bed ;
‘ And yet I dare confide in you ;
‘ So take my secret, and adieu .
 ‘ Nor wonder how I lost my wits ;
‘ Oh ! Celia, Celia, Celia sh— !”

A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED*.

Written for the honour of the Fair Sex.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
 Never did Covent-Garden boast
 So bright a batter'd strolling toist !
 No drunken rake to pick her up,
 No cellar where on tick to sup,
 Returning at the midnight hour,
 Four stories climbing to her bow'r;
 Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
 Takes off her artificial hair.
 Now picking out a crystal eye,
 She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
 Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide,
 Stuck on with art on either side,
 Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
 Now dex'trouly her plumpers draws,
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws.

* This Poem, for which some have thought no apology could be offered, deserves, on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more *decisively* represses the thoughtless and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up *artificialities*, than the faintest declamation on the sensibility of the appetitive *Flukes*.

Untwists a wire, and from her gums
 A set of teeth completely comes.
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop
 Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
 Which, by the operator's skill,
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolsters that supply her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her chancres, issues, running sores,
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaster;
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front
 With greasy paper stuck upon't,
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps,
 And then between two blankets creeps.
 With pains of love tormented lies,
 Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams,
 Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported,
 Alone, and by no platter counted;

* ----- Et totam incommittata videtur
 Ire viam, ----- -- VIRG.

Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by ;
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,—
 From whom, she meets with frequent rubs
 But never from religious clubs ;
 Whose favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight !

Behold the ruins of the night !
 A wicked rat her plaster stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole ;
 The crystal eye, alas ! was miss'd,
 And puss had on her plumpers p-as'd ;
 A pigeon pick'd up her issue peas ;
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The Nymph, tho' in this mangled plight,
 Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite ;
 But how shall I describe her arts
 To recollect the scatter'd parts ?
 Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
 Of gnth'ring up herself again ?
 The bashful muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
 Who sees will spue, who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE*.

1731.

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
 By ev'ry size of poets sung;
 So beautiful a nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand years,
 By Nature form'd with nicest care, 5
 And faultless to a single hair.
 Her graceful mien, her shape and face,
 Confess'd her of no mortal race :
 And then so nice, and so genteel !
 Such cleanliness from head to heel ! 10
 No humours gross or frowzy steams,
 No noisome whiffs or sweaty streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless body flow ;
 Would so discreetly things dispose, 15
 None ever saw her pluck a rose :
 Her dearest comrades never caught her
 Squat on her hams to make maid's water :

* This Poem has, among others, been censured for indelicacy, but with no better reason than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taste. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is necessarily led to consider the effect of that gross familiarity in which it is to be feared many married persons think they have a right to indulge themselves : he who is disgusted at the picture, feels the force of the precept, not to disgust another by his practice : and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches desire like indelicacy, and that when desire has been thus quenched, kindness will inevitably grow cold.
Hester.

You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature. 20
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown :
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs, 25
Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax :
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.
Dear Venus ! hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade : 30
While she engrosses ev'ry swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !
What powder'd wigs ! what flames and darts ! 35
What hampers full of bleeding hearts !
What sword-knots ! what poetic strains !
What billet-doux and clouded canes !
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along, 40
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands ;
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites ; 45
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch :

The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
 Her infant loves with purple wings, 50
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
 The Muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their 'squire Apollo ;
 Then Mercury with silver tongue, 55
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.
 Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
 Walk hand in hand and side by side ;
 She by the tender Graces drest,
 But he by Mars, in scarlet vest. 60
 The nymph was cover'd with her *flammcum**,
 And Phoebus sung th' *epithalamium*† ;
 And last, to make the matter sure,
 Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
 Luna‡ was absent on pretence 65
 Her time was not till nine months hence.
 The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
 In state return'd the grand parade,
 With loud huzzas from all the boys,
 That now the pair must crown their joys. 70
 But still the hardest part remains:
 Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
 How with so high a nymph he might
 Demean himself the wedding-night ;

* A veil which the Roman brides covered themselves with when they were going to be married.

† A marriage song.

‡ Diana, goddess of midwives.

For as he view'd his person round, 75
 Mere mortal flesh was all he found.
 His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
 Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet;
 (With other parts that shall be nameless,
 The ladies else might think me shameless), 80
 The weather and his love were hot,
 And should he struggle, I know what——
 Why, let it go, if I must tell it——
 He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it:
 While she, a goddess dy'd in grain, 85
 Was unsusceptible of stain,
 And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
 Exhal'd ambrosia from within.
 Can such a deity endure
 A mortal human touch impure? 90
 How did the humbled swain detest
 His prickly-beard and hairy breast!
 His night-cap border'd round with lace
 Could give no softness to his face.
 Yet if the goddess could be kind, 95
 What endless raptures must he find!
 And goddesses have now and then
 Come down to visit mortal men;
 To visit and to court them too;
 A certain goddess, God knows who, 100
 (As in a book he heard it read,)
 Took Col'nel Pelens to her bed.
 But what if he should lose his life
 By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?

For Strephon could remember well 105
 That once he heard a school-boy tell
 How Semele, of mortal race,
 By thunder died in Jove's embrace ;
 And what if daring Strephon dies
 By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes ? 110
 While these reflections fill'd his head,
 The bride was put in form to bed :
 He follow'd, stripp'd, and in he crept,
 But awfully his distance kept.
 Now ponder well, ye Parents dear, 115
 Forbid your daughters guzzling beer,
 And make them ev'ry afternoon
 Forbear their tea, or drink it soon,
 That ere to bed they venture up,
 They may discharge it ev'ry sup ; 120
 If not, they must in evil plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at night.
 Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causeth wind :
 ('Tis thus the sage of Samos means,
 Forbidding his disciples beans*.) 125
 O think what evils must ensue !
 Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue ;
 And when she once has got the art,
 She cannot help it for her heart, 130
 But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 Her bridegroom in the wedding sheets.

* A well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans, which has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to contain some allegorical meaning.

Carminative * and diuretic †
 Will damp all passion sympathetic;
 And Love such nicety requires, 135
 One blast will put out all his fires.
 Since husbands get behind the scene,
 The wife should study to be clean,
 Nor give the smallest room to guess
 The time when wants of nature press; 140
 But after marriage practise more
 Decorum than she did before,
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.
 In bed we left the married pair; 145
 'Tis time to show how things went there.
 Strephon, who had been often told
 That Fortune stills assists the bold,
 Resolv'd to make his first attack;
 But Chloe drove him fiercely back. 150
 How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
 With constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish man to touch her?
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher,
 Resistance on the wedding-night 155
 Is what our maidens claim by right;
 And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was maid in thought, and word, and deed:
 Yet some assign a different reason,
 That Strephon chose no proper season. 160

* Medicines to break wind. † Medicines to provoke urine.

Say, Fair ones ! must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause ?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now coustrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first ; 165
The bride must either void or burst.

Then see the dire effects of pease,
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind, 170
Steals out her hand, by Nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed :
Fair utensil ! as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill 175
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, ' Ye Gods ! what sound is this ?
' Can Chloe, heav'nly Chloe ! —— ?'
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream, 180
(Salerno* both together joins,
As sov'reign med cines for the loins,)
And tho' contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose ;
He found her, while the scent increas'd, 185
As mortal as himself at least :
But soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest,

* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of Health, written by the School
of Salerno.

Mingere cum humilis res est saluberrima lumbis.

(Inspir'd with courage from his bride,)
 To reach the pot on t'other side, 190
 And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
 Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
 (As pictures prove,) with garlands crown'd,
 Abash'd at what they saw and heard, 195
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
 High raptures and romantic flights;
 To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
 Expiring shepherds at their feet; 200
 To silver meads and shady bow'rs
 Dress'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.

How great a change, how quickly made !
 They learn to call a spade a spade ;
 They soon from all constraint are freed, 205
 Can see each other do their need :

On box of cedar sits the wife,
 And makes it warm for dearest life;
 And, by the beastly way of thinking,
 Find great society in stinking. 210

Now Strephon daily entertains
 His Chloe in the homeliest strains ;
 And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
 With int'rest pays him back his own.
 No maid at court is less asham'd, 215
 Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
 Than she to name her parts behind,
 Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair Decency! celestial maid!
Descend from heav'n to Beauty's aid; 220
Tho' Beauty may beget desire,
Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies, 225
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended ready cut and dry: 230
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after,
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon! ere that fatal day 235
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but thro' a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face
Which Nature gives in such a case, 240
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt 245
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;

And, 'spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine. 250

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent,
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside*.

Unjustly, all our nymphs complain 255
Their empire holds so short a reign ;

Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon ;
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault. 260

They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down ;
Tho', by the politicians' scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it, 265
They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake !
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true. 270

Some try to learn polite behaviour,
By reading books against their Saviour ;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect ;

* If virtue, as some writers pretend, be that which produces happiness, it must be granted, that to practise decency is a moral obligation ; and if virtue consists in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will still be duty, and the breach of it will incur some degree of guilt. *Hawkes.*

- Some show they never want explaining 275
 To comprehend a double meaning.
 But sure a tell-tale out of school
 Is of all wits the greatest fool,
 Whose rank imagination fills it.
 Her heart, and from her lips distils; 280
 You'd think she utter'd from behind,
 Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
 Why is a handsome wife ador'd
 By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord?
 From yonder puppet-man inquire, 285
 Who wisely hides his wood and wire,
 Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
 And Solomon in royal vest;
 But view them litter'd on the floor,
 Or strung on pegs behind the door, 290
 Punch is exactly of a piece
 With Lorrain's Duke and Prince of Greece*.
 A prudent builder should forecast
 How long the stuff is like to last,
 And carefully observe the ground 295
 To build on some foundation sound.
 What house, when its materials crumble,
 Must not inevitably tumble?
 What edifice can long endure
 Rais'd on a basis unsecure? 300
 Rash mortals! ere you take a wife,
 Contrive your pile to last for life:

* For the same reason, many an handsome wife is neglected for an homely mistress, who better knows her interest, and considers love as her trade. *Hewkes.*

Since beauty scarce endures a day, And youth so swiftly glides away, Why will you make yourself a bubble, To build on sand with hay and stubble?	305
On sense and wit your passion found, By decency cemented round; Let prudence, with good nature, strive To keep esteem and love alive;	310
Then come old age wheue'er it will, Your friendship shall continue still; And thus a mutual gentle fire Shall never but with life expire.	314

APOLLO:

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED.—1731.

Apollo, god of Light and Wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refus'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymists by their books;
As handsome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays;
He crown'd his youthful head with bays.
Not all the court of heav'n could show
So nice and so complete a bean.

No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand :
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold.
(I own 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.)

Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His singing was another fault,
For he could reach to B in alt;
And, by the sentiments of Pliuy,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

JUDAS.

1731.

By the just vengeance of incensed skies
Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.

The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
 Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;
 Which tho' his conscience forc'd him to restore,
 (And parsons tell us no man can do more,)
 Yet thro' despair, of God and man accurst,
 He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
 Those former ages differ much from this;
 Judas betray'd his Master with a kiss;
 But some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,
 Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes:
 Some who can perjure thro' a two-inch board,
 Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord.
 Like hemp, which by a skilful spinster drawn
 To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
 And burst asunder ere he went to hell;
 So could we see a set of new Iscariots
 Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots,
 Each modern Judas perish like the first,
 Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst,
 Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
 To cry, 'Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
 ' His habitation let all men forsake,
 ' And let his bishopric another take.'

ON MR. PULTENEY'S

BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL.—1751.

n.

SIN Robert, weary'd by Will. Pulteney's teasing,
 Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
 Resolv'd that Will. and he should meet no more,
 Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door,
 Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
 To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
 Yet still St. Stephen's Chapel open lies
 For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
 E'en quit the House, for thou too long has sat in't;
 Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
 There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
 Let Will unheard by thee, his thunder waste.
 Yet still I fear your work is done but half;
 For while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
 It bears a moral when apply'd to you.

A Hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,
 By often shifting into distant grounds,—
 Till finding all his artifices vain,
 To save his life he leap'd into the main;
 But there, alas! he could no safety find,
 A pack of dog-fish had him in the wind.
 He scours away, and, to avoid the foe,
 Descends for shelter to the shades below.

There Cerberus lay watching in his den;
 (He had not seen a Hare the Lord know when;)
 Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
 Away the Hare with double swiftness fled.
 Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
 (Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
 How was the fearful animal distress!
 Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest;
 Sirius, the swiftest of the heav'nly pack,
 Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
 He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
 He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the Hare pursu'd, tho' free from pain;
 Thus, Bob! shalt thou be maul'd, fly when thou canst;
 Then, honest Robin! of thy corpse beware;
 Thou art not half so nimble as a Hare:
 Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
 Nor can you go to hell before you die:
 So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
 Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.

TO MR. GAY*,

1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,
 To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain !
 Fain would I think our female friend sincere,
 Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
 Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
 To lose an inch of favour for a friend ?

Say, had the court no better place to choose
 For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse ?
 How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
 To hire a royal girl, and make her old,
 In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
 Or with her go-cart ~~and~~ side by side !

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
 Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame ;
 Nor will your ~~and~~ gifts be misapply'd,
 When o'er your patron's treasure you preside :
 The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
 For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
 Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames,
 Their passions not more impotent and cold
 Than those of poets to the lust of gold.

* The Author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards, (which, however, proved afterwards to be a mistake,) writ to Mr. Gay the above poem.

With Pæan's purest fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below ;
His meanest work ; for had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appendage of wit,
The God of Light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And, first ; to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his geer,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer ;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And, ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud ;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me show how Bob and you agree ;
You serve a potent prince as well as he.
The ducal coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge :
His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid ;
The servant's faults are on the master laid :
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
 With servants, tenants, and the neighb'ring squires.
 Let all domestics feel your gentle sway,
 Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray:
 Let due reward to merit be allow'd,
 Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
 Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
 By telling noses with a party strong.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade,
 At least before your master's debts are paid;
 Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
 Presume to treat him at his own expense.
 Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
 To what your lawful perquisites amount:
 The tenants poor, the hardships of the times,
 Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
 With int'rest, and a premium paid beside,
 The master's pressing wants must be supply'd:
 With hasty zeal behold the steward come
 By his own credit to advance the sum,
 Who, while th' all-righteous Mammon is his friend,
 May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
 A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
 He lends my lord what was my lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
 That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
 The council sit, approve the doctor's skill,
 And give advice before he gives the pill:
 But the state-emp'ric acts a safer part,
 And while he poisons wins the royal heart.

But how can I describe the rav'nous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty bus'ness to some neighb'ring friend,
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds while your master dotes,
Shall he upon the ducal rights entrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of stench?

Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury or sooth his pride;
Nor at an under-rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humbler airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs;
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.

Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of genuine ministerial kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich,
And when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks:
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;

Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And as they robb'd the father rob the son.
A knave who deep embroils his lord's affairs
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps:
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Tho' not to cure yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run,
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desp'rate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split;
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In ev'ry court the parallel will hold,
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd,
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs,
For vengeance more embroils than skill repairs:
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same,)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.

I knew a brazen minister of state
 Who bore for twice ten years the public hate:
 In ev'ry mouth the question most in vogue
 Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?
 A juncture happen'd in his highest pride;
 While he went robbing on, old master dy'd:
 We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
 His work is done, the minister is out.
 The court invited more than one or two;
 Will you, Sir Spencer? or will you? or you?
 But not a soul his office durst accept;
 The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
 And such was then the temper of the times,
 He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
 The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
 Nor found it difficult to guess the cause; [him,
 But when they smelt such foul corruption round
 Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
 Thus when a greedy sloven once has thrown
 His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Nov. 23, 1731, at night.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's
 juice sick;
 I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;

And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick,
Both when I am purge-sick and when I am spue-
sick.

I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick;
She mended at first, but now ~~she's~~ a-new sick.

Captain Butler made some in the church black and
blue sick;

Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made
us all pew-sick.

Are not you, in a crowd, when you sweat and
stew, sick?

Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew
sick,

And as fast as she could to the deanery flew sick.

Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick;
For who would not be in that numerous crew sick?

Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick: [sick.

Nor is old Nanny Shales, where'er she does brew
My footman came home from the church of a
bruise sick,

And look'd like a rake who was made in the stews
sick.

But you learned doctors can make whom you
choose sick;

Poor I myself! I was, when I withdrew, sick,
For the smell of them made me like garlic and
rue sick;

And I got thro' the crowd, tho' not led by a clue,
sick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue)
sick;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due)
sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue,
sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and
they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale
hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at night.

IF I write any more it will make my poor Muse
sick,
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew
sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew
sick :

I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew
sick.

Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick ;
The surgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew
sick,

And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew
sick ;

Had we two been there, it would have made me
and you sick :

A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick ;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick ?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick ;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue
sick.

There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he
threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick ;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shos
sick,

And what would you have me with verses to do
sick ?

Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in
lieu sick.

Of rhymes I've a plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 25.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor,
together with his own; and let him know we are
not persons to be insulted.

' Can you match with me,
' Who send thirty-three ?
' You must get fourteen more,
' To make up thirty-four :
' But, if me you can conquer,
' I'll own you a strong cur*.'

This morning I'm growing by smelling of yew
sick ;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick ;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew
sick ;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick ;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin
Hugh's sick,
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick :

* The lines ' thus marked' were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Hensham's twenty lines; and the following four were afterwards added on the same paper. M.

And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick ;

You see that I scorn to mention word music.

I'll do my best,

To send the rest ;

Without a jest,

I'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick ;

'll make you with writing a little more news sick :

Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick ;

My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick ;

An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick : [sick.

I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view

Lord ! I could write a dozen more ;

You see, I've mounted thirty-four.



A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM,

SIR, *Pray disencumber what follows.*

Y^r L.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young, is often due to the vicar,

II.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

III.

The dullest beast when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

}

IV.

The dullest beast, and a party distressed,
When too long, is bad at best.

V.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

VI.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, tho' he be not fat.

VII.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

VIII.

The dullest beast, and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

IX.

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

X.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

XI.

Of serpent-kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor Mistress Dingley off' hath felt its bills.

XII.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

XIII.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

XIV.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

XV.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's no body but a fool that would trust.

XVI.

The dullest beast, mending highways,
Is to an horse an evil disease.

XVII.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

XVIII

The dullest beast, and what, doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

XIX.

The dullest beast, and fish for Lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

XX.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray
explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.—1731*.

OLD Latimer preaching, did fairly describe
 A bishop who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
 And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
 Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell;
 And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre
 Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
 How nearly this bishop our B——ps resembles!
 But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
 Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a
 penny

You'd swear it must be the baboon of K——y. -
 Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
 I wish I could find him out one more commodious:
 But this I am sure, the Most Rev'rend Old Dragon
 Has got on the bench many B——ps suffragan,
 And all men believe he presides there *incog*.
 To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.

Our B——ps, putt up with wealth and with
 pride,
 To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
 They mounted and labour'd with whip and with
 spur,
 In vain—for the devil a parson would stir:

* This poem was first printed in *Fog's Journal* of the 17th of September 1733: the subject of it is now over, but our author's known zeal against that project made it to be generally supposed his. It was occasioned by the Bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings, which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.

So the Commons unhors'd them, and this ~~was~~
 their doom,

On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
 Tho' they gallopp'd so fast, on the road you may
 find 'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind
 'em.

Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord
 Howard,

In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
 They came of good kindred, and could not endure
 Their former companions should beg at their door.

When Christ was betray'd to Plate the Pretor,
 Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor;
 One traitor alone, and faithful eleven,
 But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and
 cleavings!
 And the clergy, forsooth, must take up with their
 leavings.

If making divisions was all their intent,
 They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they
 meant;

And so may such B——ps for ever divide,
 That no honest Heathen would be on their side.
 How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
 Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst?

Now hear an allusion.—A mitre, you know,
 Is divided above, but united below.

If this you consider our emblem is right;
 'The B—ps divide, but the clergy unite.
 Should the bottom be split, our B—ps would dread
 That the mitre would never stick fast on their head;
 And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sov' reign,
 As Machiavel taught 'em, Divide, and ye govern.
 But courage my L—ds; tho' it cannot be said
 That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head,
 I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I could see't,
 If your stockings were off you could show cloven
 feet.

' But hold,' cry the B—ps, 'and give us fair play;
 ' Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
 ' What truer affection could ever be shown
 ' Than saving your souls by damning our own?
 ' And have we not practis'd all methods to gain
 you?
 ' With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to main-
 tain you,
 ' Provided a fund for building you 'spitals:
 ' You are only to live four years without victuals.'
 Content, my good L—ds! but let us change hands;
 First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
 So God bless the church, and three of our mitres;
 And God bless the Commons for biting the biters.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION

TO THE PRIEST,

On observing how most men mistake their own Talents.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

THE PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffee-houses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted ! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which came out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffee-house operators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound scholars;

PREFACE TO REASTY CONFESSION.

I mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows
; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb-
What are we to think of the fine dressed
sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which
appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing
scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees on their
heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make
a figure before women, some of them with hump-
backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature
of their faces distorted! I have seen many of these
insipid pretenders entering into conversation with
persons of learning, constantly making the grossest
blunders in every sentence, without conveying one
single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought
on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geo-
graphy even of present times. I compute that Lon-
don hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy
kind for one among us in Dublin, besides two-thirds
of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized;
whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the ar-
ticle of dunces by sixty to one: and, what is more to our
further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool
of Irish birth or education who makes any noise in that
significant metropolis, unless the London prints be very
partial or defective: whereas London is seldom with-
out a dozen of our own educating, who engross the
vogue for half a century together, and are never heard
of more, but give place to a new set. This hath been
the constant practice at least thirty years past,
only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem is grounded upon the universal folly of man-kind in mistaking their talents; by which the *Beast* hath a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth; and yet he hath gone as low as he will credit, by specifying four animals, the *Wolf*, the *Sheep*, the *Swine*, the *Ass*, and the *Goat*, all equally mischievous, except the *Goat*, who outdoes them in the article of *cunning*; so great is the pride of Man!

WHEN beasts could speak, (the learned say
 They still can do so ev'ry day,
 It seems they had religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd when a plague broke out,
 (Which therefore made them more devout,
 The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command
 That ev'ry subject in the land,
 Should to the Priest confess their sins;
 And thus the pious Wolf begins:
 ' Good father! I must own with shame
 ' That often I have been to blame;
 ' I must confess on Friday last,
 ' Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;

' But I defy the basest tongue
 ' To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
 ' Or ever went to seek my food
 ' By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.'

The Ass, approaching next, confess'd
 That in his heart he loved a jest :
 A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone :
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe :
 But yet, the worst that could be said,
 He was a wit both born and bred ;
 And if it be a sin or shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame ;
 One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
 His ears are half a foot too short,
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He'd shew his face before the king :
 Then for his voice, there's none disputes
 That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
 His shape and beauty made him proud ;
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice ;
 In ev'ry turn of life content,
 And meekly took what Fortune sent :
 Inquire thro' all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found :
 His vigilance might some displease ;
 'Tis true he hated sloth-like pease,

The mimic Ape began hisghatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Eugag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The Goat advanc'd with decent mien,
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
(*'Twas Nature's fault*) without a beard;
'Tis true he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect,
Not by his frigid constitution,
But thro' a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now,
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too as doth his reverence,

Apply the tale, and you shall find
How just it suits with human-kind,
Some faults we own, but can you guess,
—Why virtue's carried to excess?

Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Tho' neither foe nor friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool :
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he lost, he may affirm,
An hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch ;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case :
Why should he longer mince the matter ?
He fail'd because he could not flatter ;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote :
His crime he quickly understood,
Too zealous for the nation's good :
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it,

The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Tho' it would raise him to the lawn :
He pass'd his hours among his books ;
You find it in his meagre looks : :

He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes ;
But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone in merit ;
Would rise by merit to promotion :
Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin ; and, God forgive him !
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave :
But see how Satan spreads his snares !
He quite forgot to say his pray'rs ;
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part ;
Quotes from the bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance ;
And when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heav'nly food ;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat,
Says grace before and after meat,
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a-day to pray'rs,
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops ;
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favorite maid ;

Old nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the 'squire,
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.

The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view,
Yet he was seconded by few :
Tho' some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the Excise ;
'Twas known, tho' he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion :
His practice was, in ev'ry station,
To serve the king and please the nation,
Tho' hard to find in ev'ry case
The fittest man to fill a place,
His promises he ne'er forget,
But took memorials on the spot :
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity ;
'Tis true the people understood
That all he did was for their good ;
Their kind affections he has try'd ;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry year ;

Must at the rate that he goes on
Inevitably be undone.
Oh ! if his Majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin ;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations :
His country was his dearest mother,
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother :
Thro' modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame,)
He found the wisest men he could,
Without respect to friends or blood ;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuse.

The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away ;
And well he might, for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost :
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats ;
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye ;
No wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk,

I own the moral not exact ;
 Besides, the tale is false in fact ;
 And so absurd, that could I raise up
 From fields Elysian fabling Æsop,
 I would accuse him to his face .
 For libelling the four-foot race :
 Creatures of ev'ry kind but our's
 Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs,
 While we, whom reason ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents ev'ry day .
 The Ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid,
 Nor leap upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroak'd and fed with pap,
 As Æsop would the world persuade ;
 He better understands his trade ;
 Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles .
 Or Author's meaning, I presume, is
 A creature *bipes et implumis** ;
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human kind ;
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may degen'rate into men† .

* A definition of a man disapproved by all logicians : *Homo est animal bipes, implume, erecto cutis*.

† See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnms.

ADVICE TO A PARSON.

1732.

Would you rise in the church? be stupid and
 Be empty of learning, of insolence full; [dull;
 Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
 In flattery an artist, in fawning a slave:
 No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
 In him that's accomplish'd in cringing and canting.
 Be studious to practise true meanness of spirit;
 For who but lord Bolton* was mitred for merit?
 Would you wish to be wrapt in a *rocket*? in short,
 Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte†.

 THE PARSON'S CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic,
 No real fortitude implies:
 Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
 Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent illiterate vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,

* Then Archbishop of Cashel.

† At that time Bishop of Kilmore.

Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave :
And, oh, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less !

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy Curateship a Dean ;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride ;
With labour small, and income great ;
With chariot less for use than state ;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town ;
To shine, where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
And weekly persecute his Grace
With visits, or to beg a place ;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach ;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine ;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days ?

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHREY FRENCH, ESQ.

1783.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
Oh ! too nice, and too severe !
Think not that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.

Chosen strains I proudly bring ;
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard,
Just precedence still maintains ;
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.

Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.

* Lord-mayor of Dublin. N.

Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
 In obscure oblivion press'd
 What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd ;
 Gay Anacreon, drunken priest !

Gentle Sappho, love-sick Muse,
 Warms the heart with amorous fire ;
 Still her tender notes infuse
 Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
 By a painted fopling won,
 Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
 Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
 Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
 Alone the terrors of the foe,
 Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
 Greatly liv'd and died, before
 Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
 Wag'd the ten years' famous war.

But their names, unsung, unwept,
 Unrecorded, lost and gone,
 Long in endless night have slept,
 And shall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphrey, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription ;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night ;

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand ;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I falsely we call the rich man great ;
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies ;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies :

Flies from death !—No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, compleat ;
Hero ; patriot ; glorious ; free ;
Rich and wise ; and good and great ;
Generous Humphry ! thou art he.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL ;

OR, A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN
ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY.

' Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.'

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,

Did Hartley* set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
 And moneyless too, but not very dirtless ;
 Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all ;
 One bought him a brush, and one a black ball ;
 For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
 The cloaths on his back as being but such ;
 Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and
 brush,

He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push :
 Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
 Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.
 But as a wise fidler is noted, you know,
 To have a good couple of strings to one bow ;
 So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
 To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle :
 He finds out another profession as fit,
 And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
 One day he cried—' Murders, and songs, and great
 news !'

Another as loudly—' Here blacken your shoes !'
 At Domville's* full often he fed upon bits,
 For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits ;
 Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
 And now and then got from the cook-maid a
 drubbing :

Such basting effect upon him could have none ;
 The dog will be patient, that's struck with a bone.

* See the next poem.

† Sir T. Domville, patentee of the Hasting-office. &c.

Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a
pity

A youth should be lost, that had been so witty :
Without more ado, he rumps'up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk ;
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees ;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per bill* ;
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I swore by the
bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the
libel ?

Who boldly hunted out disgrace
 With canker'd mind and hideous face;
 The first who made (let none deny it)
 The libel-vending rogues be quiet.

The fact was glorious, we must own,
 For Hartley was before unknown,
 Contemn'd I mean;—for who would chuse
 So vile a subject for the muse?

'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
 To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
 For which he'd parch before the grate,
 Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight
 (Such toils as best his talents fit),
 Or polish shoes, or turn the spit:
 But, unexpectedly grown rich in
 'Squire Domville's family and kitchen,
 He pants to eternize his name,
 And takes the dirty road to fame;
 Believes that persecuting wit
 Will prove the surest way to it;
 So, with a Colonel* at his back,
 The libel feels his first attack;
 He calls it a seditious paper,
 Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
 Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
 Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant-Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. *Irish Ec.*

And all this with design, no doubt,
 To hear his praises hawk'd about:
 To send his name through every street,
 Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
 Well pleas'd to live to future times,
 Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
 Was justice many years ago,
 And minding then no earthly things,
 But killing libellers of kings;
 Or, if he wanted work to do,
 To run a bawling news-boy through;
 Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
 Entreated Father Jove aloud,
 Only in light to show his face,
 Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
 The temple which the world admir'd,
 Contemning death, despising shame,
 To gain an ever-odious name.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT*.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1732. N.

An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead !
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies !
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne !
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said :
' Offending race of human-kind,
' By nature, reason, learning, blind ;
' You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside ;
' And you who never fell, through pride ;
' You who in different sects were sham'm'd,
' And come to see each other damn'd ;
' (So some folks told you, but they knew
' No more of Jove's designs than you ;)
' —The world's mad business now is o'er,
' And I resent these prauks no more.
' —I to such blockheads set my wit ! .
' I damn such fools !—Go, go, you're bit,'

VERSES

SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH
PINA'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND,

BY DR. J. SICAN*.

[*Horace speaking.*]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine ;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation ;
And, though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian ;
But fearing that you might dispute,
(Had I put on my common suit,)
My breeding and my *politesse*,
I visit in a birth-day dress ;
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread ;

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

To which I've sure as good pretensions
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your anti-chamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of Fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, 'I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
'Your hearing's bad!'—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;

And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths ;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunster's prose :
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire :
Yet still they but in vain assail'd ;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim ;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how—which way?—Translate.

THE HARDSHIP PUT UPON THE LADIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

POOR Ladies ! tho' their bus'ness be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day :
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then ?

Had women been the makers of our laws,
 (And why they were not I can see no cause,)
 'The men should slave at cards from morn till night,
 And female pleasures be to read and write.



TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND,
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

To thee, dear Swift! these spotless leaves I send :
 Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
 Think not so poor a book below thy care ;
 Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
 Though rawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
 The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace ;
 Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
 A *rasa tabula* within denote:
 Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
 And modern vices, should provoke thy rage ;
 If warn'd once more by their impending fate,
 A sinking country and an injur'd state
 Thy great assistance should again demand,
 And call forth reason to defend the land ;
 Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
 Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes :

Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
 True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
 Inform the judgment; animate the heart,
 And sacred rules of policy impart.
 The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
 Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;
 But lead us inward to those golden mines,
 Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
 With bloom and beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
 How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES

LEFT WITH A SILVER STAMISH ON THE DEAN OF
 ST. PATRICK'S DESK ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER, from Mexico I came,
 To serve a proud Iberian dame:
 Was long submitted to her will;
 At length she lost me at *quadrilla*.
 Through various shapes I often pass'd,
 Still hoping to have rest at last;
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the patriot dean;

And sometimes get within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor*;
 Not strolling idleness to aid,
 But honest industry decay'd.
 At length an artist purchas'd me,
 And wrought me to the shape you see,
 This done to Hermes I apply'd:
 ' O Hermes ! gratify my pride ;
 ' Be it my fate to serve a sage,
 ' The greatest genius of his age ;
 ' That matchless pen let me supply,
 ' Whose living lines will never die !'
 I grant your suit, the God reply'd ;
 And here he left me to reside,

VERSES

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

*Occasioned by the present of a Paper Book, from
 the Earl of Orrery, and a Silver Standish from
 Dr. Delany, 1733,*

A PAPER book is sent by Boyle,
 Too neatly gilt for me to soil ;
 Delany sends a silver standish,
 When I no more a pen can brandish :

* Alluding to such a year lent by the Duke, without interest,
 to poor tradesmen. F.

Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
 As trophies of a muse deceas'd ;
 And let the friendly lines they writ
 In praise of long-departed wit,
 Be grav'd on either side in columns,
 More to my praise than all my volumes,
 To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
 The Vandals of the present age.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER-PROTESTANTS

AND

FELLOW-CHRISTIANS,

*So familiarly used by the Advocates for the repeal
 of the Test Act in Ireland*.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733,

An inundation, says the fable,
 O'overflow'd a farmer's barn and stable :
 Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
 Were down the sudden current borne,

* This Poem so provoked one B——, a lawyer, and member of the Irish Parliament, that he swore he would revenge himself either by murdering or maiming the Author. On this thirty of the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper subscribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

While things of heterogenous kind
 Together float with tide and wind ;
 The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
 And sail'd with litter side by side,
 Uniting all, to shew their amity,
 As in a general calamity :
 A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
 Mingling with apples in the throng,
 Said to the pippin, plump and prim,
 ' See, Brother, how we apples swim !'

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting coorns,
 An offer'd fee from Radcliffe scorns :
 ' Not for the world !—We doctors, Brothers,
 ' Must take no fees of one another.'
 Thus to a Dean some curate sloven
 Subscribes, ' Dear Sir ! Your brother loving '
 Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
 About St. James's, cry ' We courtiers :'
 Thus Horace in the House will prate,
 Sir, ' We the ministers of state :'
 Thus at the bar that blockhead Bettesworth,
 Tho' half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
 Who knows in law, nor text, nor margin,
 Calls Singleton his Brother Serjeant :
 And thus fanatic saints, tho' neither in
 Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
 Are Brother Protestants and Christians,
 As much as Hebrews and Philistines ;
 But in no other sense than Nature
 Has made a rat our fellow-creature,

Lice from your body suck their food,
But is a louse your flesh and blood ?
Tho' born of human filth and sweat, it
May as well be said man did beget it :
But maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet critics may object, Why not ?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gath'ring,
To call a swarm of lice his Brethren ?

As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice ;
And as our sects by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And turn'd to lice infest the king ;
For pity's sake it would be just
A rod should turn them back to dust.

Let folks in high and holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations ;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em ;
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to Corruption—' Thou'rt my father.'
For he that hath so little wit
To nourish vermin may be bit,

ON POETRY :

A RHAPSODY*. 1753.

ALL human race would fain be wits;
 And millions miss for one that hits :
 Young's Universal Passion, Pride,
 Was never known to spread so wide,
 Say, Britain ! could you ever boast 5
 Three poets in an age at most ?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A sprig of bays in fifty years,
 While ev'ry fool his claim alleges,
 As if it grew in common hedges. 10
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind ?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie :
 A bear will not attempt to fly ;
 A founder'd horse will oft debate 15
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
 A dog by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide ;
 But man we find the only creature
 Who, led by folly, combats Nature ; 20
 Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
 With obstinacy fixes there,

* The lines in this Poem, printed with inverted commas, are published from the manuscript.

- And where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs,
 Not empire to the rising sun 25
 By valour, conduct, fortune won ;
 Not highest wisdom in debates
 For framing laws to govern states ;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round, 30
 Such heav'nly influence require
 As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
 Not beggar's brat on bulk begot ;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot ;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes, 35
 The spawn of Bridewell or the stews ;
 Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
 Of gypsies litt'ring under hedges,
 Are so disqualify'd by Fate
 To rise in church, or law, or state, 40
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire,
 What hope of custom in the fair,
 While not a soul demands your ware ?
 Where you have nothing to produce 45
 For private life, or public use ?
 Court, city, country want you not ;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets, law makes no provision ;
 The wealthy have you in derision : 50
 Of state affairs you cannot smatter ;
 Are awkward when you try to flatter ;

Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound*;
 Now not so much as in remainder; 55
 Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starving Bard! how small thy gains!
 How unproportion'd to thy pains! 60
 —And here a simile comes pat in;
 Tho' chickens take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So after toiling twenty days 65
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the chickens went before. 70

How shall a new attempter learn
 Of diff'rent spirits to discern?
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein or scribbling itch?
 Then hear an old experienc'd sinner 75
 Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
 A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,
 Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best; 80

* Paid to the Poet-laureate, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber, a player.

Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humorous lines ;
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown ;
 Then rising with Aurora's light, 85
 The Muse invoc'd, sit down to write ;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head and bite your nails. 90
 Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair :
 In modern wit all printed trash is
 Set off with num'rous breaks—and dashes—
 To statesmen would you give a wipe, 95
 You print it in Italic type :
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
 But when in Capitals express'd,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest ; 100
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant,
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew,
 Your poem in its modish dress, 105
 Correctly fitted for the press,
 Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
 But let no friend alive look into't.
 If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
 You need not fear your labour lost. 110

And how agreeably surpris'd Are you to see it advertis'd ! The hawker shows you one in print, As fresh as farthings from the mint, The product of your toil and sweating A bastard of your own begetting.	198
Be sure at Will's the following day Lie snug, and hear what critics say; And if you find the gen'ral vogue Pronounces you a stupid rogue, Damns all your thoughts as low and little, Sit still, and swallow down your spittle: Be silent as a politician, For talking may beget suspicion; Or praise the judgment of the Town, And help yourself to run it down ;— Give up your fond paternal pride, Nor argue on the weaker side: For poems read without a name We justly praise or justly blame; And critics have no partial views, Except they know whom they abuse; And since you ne'er provok'd their spite, Depend upon't their judgment's right. But if you blab you are undone; Consider what a risk you run; You lose your credit all at once, The town will mark you for a dunce; The vilest dogg'ral Grab-street sands Will pass for yours with foes and friends.	199 200 205
	209

And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place
 Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to live a trunk,
 If still you be dispos'd to rhyme, 145
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail; yet safe's the word;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where critics mark'd your former faults; 150
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The similes that nothing fit;
 The cant which ev'ry fool repeats,
 Town-jests, and coffee-house conceits;
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry, 155
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why;
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant; 160
 A public or a private robber,
 A statesman or a South-Sea jobber;
 A pr-l-te, who no God believes;
 A p—m—t, or den of thieves;
 A pickpurse at the bar or bench, 165
 A duchess or a suburb-wench;
 'An House of P—rs, a gaming crew,
 'A griping ——— or a Jew.'
 Or oft, when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chunk; 170

Like stepping-stones to save a stride
 In streets where kennels are too wide ;
 Or like a heel-piece to support
 A cripple with one foot too short :
 Or like a bridge that joins a marsh 175
 To moorlands of a diff'rent parish.
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds ;
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps, 180
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.

But tho' you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame, 185
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party-merit seek support ;
 The vilest verse thrives best at court ;
 And may you ever have the luck
 To rhyme almost as ill as Duck ; 190
 And tho' you never learn'd to scan verse,
 Come out with some lampoon on D'Anvers.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring in pence :
 Nor be concern'd about the sale, 195
 He pays his workmen on the nail.
 Display the blessings of the nation,
 And praise the whole administration :
 Extol the bench of B-----ps round ;
 Who at them rail, bid ----- confound ; 200

To B——p haters answer thus,
 (The only logic us'd by us,)
 What tho' they don't believe in ——,
 Deny them Protestants—thou liest.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits ev'ry virtue round,²⁰⁵

As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,
 Like other baubles in the Tow'r;
 Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies :
 210

His humble Senate this profcases
 In all their speeches, votes, addresses ;
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 215

The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze ;
 His panegyrics then are ceas't ;
 He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast :
 220

As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns d—l in hell ;
 And, lo ! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 225

They ply their former arts below ;
 And as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple barking mouth to stop :
 230

Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams*
Project Excise and South-Sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then Poet! if you mean to thrive, 235
Employ your Muse on kings alive,
With prudence gath'ring up a cluster,
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet, 240
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and gospel doth determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
(I mean the oracles of both, 245
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case,) 250
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while :
Proceed no farther in your part 255
Before you learn the terms of art,
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon :

* Sunt geminae somni porta, &c.
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephante.

Virg.

- Then talk' with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place; 260
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's Rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review, 265
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu :
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics must confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.) 270
- A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations Peri Hupous*,
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye, 275
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation†,
And quote quotation on quotation.
- At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head, 280
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air,
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits:
He gives directions to the Town 285
To cry it up and run it down ;

* A famous treatise of Longinus.

† By Mr. Welsted.

Like courtiers when they send a note,
 Instructing members how to vote ;
 He sets a stamp of bad and good,
 Tho' not a word be understood. 290
 Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
 To get the name of Connoisseur,
 And when your merits once are known,
 Procure disciples of your own ;
 For poets (you can never want 'em,) 295
 Spread thro' Augusta Tribonantum*,
 Computing by their pecks of coals,
 Amount to just nine thousand souls :
 These o'er their proper districts govern,
 Of wit and humour judges sov'reign. 300
 In ev'ry street a city bard
 Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;
 His indisputed rights extend
 Thro' all the lane from end to end ;
 The neighbours round admire his shrewdness 305
 For songs of loyalty and lewdness ;
 Outdone by none in rhyming well,
 Altho' he never learn'd to spell.
 Two bord'ring wits contend for glory,
 And one is Whig and one is Tory ; 310
 And this for epics claims the bays,
 And that for elegiac lays :
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;

* The ancient name of London.

- And some as justly fame extols 315
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish Town;
 Tigellus, plac'd in Phœbus' gar,
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar; 320
 Harmonious Cibber entertains
 The court with annual birth-day strains;
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 Where Pope will never show his face,
 Where Young must torture his invention 325
 To flatter knaves or lose his pension.
 But these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poet's art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination, 330
 Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,
 In garrets high, or under ground,
 And when they join their pericranies,
 Out skips a book of Miscellanies.
 Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry creature 335
 Lives in a state of war by nature;
 The greater for the smaller watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of mod'rate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw; 340
 A fox with geese his belly crams;
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worried by the base,

If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit:
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb,
 While others do as much for him. 350
 The vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So nat'ralists observe a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em, 355
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
 Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind,
 Who, tho' too little to be seen,
 Can tease and gall, and give the spleen; 360
 Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
 Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters;
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did, 365
 How genius is no more rewarded;
 How wrong a taste prevails among us;
 How much our ancestors outsung us;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born, 370
 And all their brother-dunces lash,
 Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
 O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;

- Their filial piety forgot, 375
 Deny their country like a Scot,
 Tho' by their idiom and grimace
 They soon betray their native place;
 Yet thou hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them than they of thee, 380
 Degen'rate from their ancient brood,
 Since first the court allow'd them food.
 Remains a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time 385
 How few have reach'd the low sublime!
 For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd;
 And lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign, 390
 The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
 Great poet of the Hollow Tree*!
 But, ah! how unsecure thy throne!
 A thousand bards thy right disown:
 They plot to turn, in factious zeal, 395
 Dancinea to a common-weal,
 And with rebellious arm pretend
 An equal priv'lege to descend.
 In bulk there are not more degrees
 From elephant to mites in cheese, 400
 Than what a curious eye may trace
 In creatures of the rhyming race.

* Lord Ormonde, author of a play, called 'Love in an Hollow Tree.'

From bad to worse and worse they fall ;
 But who can reach to worst of all !
 For tho' in nature depth and height 405
 Are equally held infinite,
 In poetry the height we know ;
 'Tis only infinite below.
 For instance ; when you rashly think
 No rhymers can like Walsted sink, 410
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find
 The Laureate* leaves him far behind.
 Concanen, more aspiring bard !
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops, 415
 The rest pursue as thick as hops ;
 With heads to points, the gulf they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre,
 And as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies, 420
 O what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the Muse's name !
 By flatt'ring k—s, whom Heav'n design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind,
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth, 425
 And ev'ry vice that nurses both.
 ' Perhaps you say Augustus shines,
 ' Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
 ' And Horace brought the tuneful quire
 ' To sing his virtues on the lyre, 430

* In some editions, instead of the Laureate, was maliciously inserted Mr. Fielding, for whose ingenious writings the Author hath manifested a great esteem.

- ' Without reproach for flattery, true,
 ' Because their praises were his due :
 ' For in those ages k——s we find
 ' Were animals of human-kind.
 ' But now go search all E-r-pe round 433
 ' Among the savage monsters—
 ' With vice polluting every th—one,
 ' (I mean all ——s except our own,)
 ' In vain you make the strictest view
 ' To find a —— in all the crew 440
 ' With whom a footman out of place
 ' Would not conceive an high disgrace,
 ' A burning shame, a crying sin,
 ' To take his morning's cup of gin.
 ' Thus all are destin'd to obey 445
 ' Some beast of burthen or of prey.
 ' 'Tis sung Prometheus, forming man,
 ' Thro' all the brutal species ran,
 ' Each proper quality to find
 ' Adapted to an human mind, 450
 ' A mingled mass of good and bad,
 ' The best and worst that could be had;
 ' Then from a clay of mixture base
 ' He shap'd a —— to rule the race,
 ' Endu'd with gifts from ev'ry brute 455
 ' That best the ** nature suit.
 ' Thus think on ——s, the name denotes
 ' Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons, and goats,
 ' To represent in figure just,
 ' Sloth, folly, rapine, mischief, lust. 460

' Oh! were they all but Neb-cadoezers,
' What herds of ——s would turn to grazers !'

Fair Britain! in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test,
Whom never faction could bespatter, 465
Nor minister nor poet flatter.

What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit:
What lineaments divine we trace
Thro' all his figure, mien, and face! 470

Tho' peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conqu'ring hero stands:
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges*,
Dread from his hand impending changes:
From him the Tartar and Chinese, 475

Short by the knees entreat for peace†;
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit. 480

Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done 485

By going on as he begun,

* ---- Super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium, &c.

----- Jam nunc et Caspia regna
Responsa horrent divum, &c.

† Genibus minor, &c.

An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood; 490
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive!

Now sing the minister of state*,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port 495
This Atlas stands to prop the court,
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius†, by delay.

Thou great viceregent of the king!
Thy praises ev'ry Muse shall sing. 500

In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector!
Tho' small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock 505

You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honor of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place. 510

Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.

St. George behold thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

† Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

When on thy breast and sides Herculean 516
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, Poet ! in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation !

Attend, ye Popes ! and Youngs ! and Gays !
And tune your harps and strow your bays: 520

Your panegyrics here provide ;
You cannot err on flatt'ry's side :

Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.

On Lewis all his bards bestow'd 525
Of incense many a thousand load,

But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd :

Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George exactly true is. 530

Exactly true ! invidious Poet !
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan ;

They could all pow'r in heav'n divide, 535
And do no wrong to either side :

They teach you how to split a hair,
Give G——e and Jove an equal share*.

Yet why should we be lac'd so strait ?
I'll give my m——n——ch butter weight. 540

And reason good ; for many a year,
Jove never intermeddled here ;

* Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cuius habet.

Nor, tho' his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to route him. 546
Cetera desiderantur.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN,—1733.

' To make a writer miss his end,
 ' You've nothing else to do but mend.'

I often try'd in vain to find
 A simile for woman-kind,
 A simile I mean to fit 'em,
 In every circumstance to hit 'em.
 Thro' every beast and bird I went,
 I ransack'd every element ;
 And, after peeping thro' all nature,
 To find so whimsical a creature,
 A cloud presented to my view,
 And strait this parallel I drew :

Clouds turn with every wind about ;
 They keep us in suspense and doubt ;
 Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
 Are seen to scud against the wind :
 And are not women just the same ?
 For who can tell at what they aim ?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder :
So when th' alarm-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep, as they do without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?

The clouds about the welkin roam;
And ladies never stay at home.

The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A cloud is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her spark :
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they 're wondrously alike
(I hope the simile will strike);
Tho' in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see thro' them.

The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.

The clouds delight in gaudy show
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);

The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.

Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd ;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky ;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces ?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night ?

The clouds delight to change their fashion :
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion !)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen ;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.

In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold ;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow ;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.

Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light :
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.

Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t' other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below:
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out,
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd thy sky grows clear;
But ev'ry sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compar'd for mischief, to venereal?

Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy sky bespeaks—
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.

A cloud in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful show'rs;
But woman was by Fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire asswages;
But woman is a cur'd inflamer;
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife Dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together,
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry feature ev'ry second.

Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from woman's air,
One minute whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What humours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape,
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore
No goddess could have pleas'd him more:
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen :
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures,
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno?

Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her Majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him ;
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A flaxen wig and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet,)
With which he made a tearing show,
And Dido quickly smok'd the beau.

Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris ?
With heav'nly beauty so endow'd ?
And yet her father is a cloud :
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid.

'Tis known that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us clouds-as deities :

To us he made his daily pray'rs,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion,
By his authority 'tis plain ♀
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below:
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown;
And just as we dispose your brain
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell;
Ev'n Jove and Mercury his pimp
No higher climb than Mount Olympe,
'(Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! He kiss their a—es);
While we o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least;
And when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or to Parnassus looking down,
Can p—ss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In velucles they mount the sky.
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle,
Tho' Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four:
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail or snow,
You, when it rains, like fools believe
Jove p-sses on you through a sieve;
An idle tale; 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.
As you shall to your sorrow know,
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souce your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phœbus ever shews his face;
For when we please we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side,

And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose,
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.

'Tis sung wherever Celia treads
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p— as upon a nettle;
But tho' we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we by soft prolific show'rs
Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd
That lightning comes but from a cloud.

But god's, like us, have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verses are melodious,
But such comparisons are odious.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC,

AND

DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION-CLUB, 1735,

As I stroll the city, oft' I
 See a building large and lofty,
 Not a bowshot from the college,
 Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
 By the prudent architect 5
 Plac'd against the church direct,
 Making good my grandame's jest,
 Near the church—You know the rest.
 Tell us what the pile contains;
 Many a head that holds no brains. 10
 These demoniacs let me dub
 With the name of Legion-club,
 Such assemblies, you might swear,
 Meet when butchers bait a bear;
 Such a noise, and such haranguing, 15
 When a brother-thief is hanging;
 Such a rout and such a rabble
 Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
 Such a crowd their ordure throw
 On a far less villain's nose. 20
 Could I from the building's top
 Hear the ratt'ling thunder drop,

While the devil upon the roof
 (If the devil be thunder-proof)
 Should with poker fiery-red 25
 Crack the stones and melt the lead,
 Drive them down on ev'ry scull, &
 While the den of thieves is full,
 Quite destroy that harpies' nest,
 How might then our isle be blest ? 30
 For divines allow that God
 Sometimes makes the devil his rod ;
 And the Gospel will inform us
 He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools 35
 For his lunatics and fools
 With a rood or two of land,
 I allow the pile may stand.
 You perhaps will ask me, Why so ?
 But it is with this proviso : 40
 Since the house is like to last
 Let a royal grant be past,
 That the Club have right to dwell
 Each within his proper cell,
 With a passage left to creep in, 45
 And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
 Sell the nation for a pin ;
 While they sit a-picking straws,
 Let them rave of making laws ; 50
 While they never hold their tongue,
 Let them dabble in their dung ;

Let them form a grand committee,
 How to plague and starve the city;
 Let them stare, and starve, and frown, 55
 When they see a clergy-gown :
 Let them, ere they crack a louse,
 Call for th' orders of the House ;
 Let them with their gosling quills
 Scribble senseless heads of bills : 60
 We may, while they strain their throats,
 Wipe our a—s with their ——

Let Sir ——, that rampant ass,
 Stuff his guts with flax and grass,
 But before the priest he fleeces 65
 Tear the Bible all to pieces.

At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
 Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
 Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
 Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser ; 70
 Lay thy p—v—ge aside,
 Sprung from Papist regicide,
 Fall a working like a mole,
 Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, Muse obedient ! 75
 Let us try some new expedient ;
 Shift the scene for half an hour,
 Time and place are in thy pow'r.
 Thither, gentle Muse ! conduct me ;
 I shall ask, and you instruct me. 80

See, the Muse unbars the gate !
 Hark, the monkeys, how they prate !

All ye gods who rule the soul*,
 Styx ! thro' hall whose waters roll,
 Let me be allow'd to tell 85
 What I heard in yonder cell :

Near the door an entrance [†]gapest,
 Crowded round with antic shapes,
 Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
 Causeless Joy, and true Despair, 90
 Discord periwig'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful strides she takes.

By this odious crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
 And resolv'd to break their pates‡, 95
 Ere we enter'd at the gates,
 Had not Clio in the nick
 Whisper'd me, ' Lay down your stick.'
 ' What,' said I, ' is this the madhouse ?'
 " These," she answer'd, " are but shadows, 100
 " Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 " Empty visions of the brain."

In the porch Briareus stands,
 Shews a bribe in all his hands§;
 Briareus the secretary, 105
 But we mortals call him G——
 When the rogues their country fleece,
 They may hope for pence a-piece,

* Di, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.

† Sit mihi fas audita loqui

‡ Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c.

§ Et ni ducta comes, &c.

¶ Et cunctas geminas Briareus, &c.

Arg. lib. iv.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

- Clio, who had been so wise
 To put on a fool's disguise 110
 To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,
 Roaring till their lungs were spent 115
 'P——e of P——t,'
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels,
 Never durst a Muse before
 Enter that infernal door; 120
 Clio stifled with the smell,
 Into spleen and vapours fell,
 By the Stygian steams that flew
 From the dire infectious crew.
 Not the stench of Lake Avernus 125
 Could have more offended her nose;
 Had she flown but o'er the top,
 She had felt her pinions drop,
 And by exhalations dire,
 Tho' a goddess, must expire. 130
 In a fright she crept away;
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
 When I saw the keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a crown,
 'Now,' said I, 'we are alone 135
 'Name your heroes one by one.
 'Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
 'Is it Satan?' "No tis ——."

- ' In what figure can a bard dress
 ' Jack the grandson of Sir H——? 140
 ' Honest Keeper ! drive him further,
 ' In his looks are hell and murder ;
 ' See the scowling visage drop, &c.
 ' Just as when he murder'd T——p.
 ' Keeper, shew me where to fix 145
 ' On the puppy pair of Dicks ;
 ' By their lantern jaws and leathern,
 ' You might swear they both are brethren :
 ' Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the play'r,
 ' Old acquaintance ! are you there? 150
 ' Dear companions ! hug and kiss,
 ' Toast Old Glorious in your piss.
 ' Tie 'em, Keeper, in a tether,
 ' Let 'em starve and stink together ;
 ' Both are apt to be unruly, 155
 ' Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly :
 ' Tho' 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 ' Scorpion-rods perhaps may tame them.
 ' Keeper, you' old dotard snake,
 ' Sweetly snoring in his cloak. 160
 ' Who is he ? " 'Tis Humdrum—
 ' Half encompass'd by his kin ;
 ' There observe the tribe of **,
 ' For he never fails to bring 'em ;
 ' While he sleeps the whole debate, 165
 ' They submissive round him wait,
 ' Yet would gladly see the hunks
 ' In his grave, and search his trunks.

- " See, they gently twitch his coat,
 " Just to yawn, and give his—— 170
 " Always firm in his vocation,
 " For the c—— against the n——.
 " Those are **s Jack and Bob,
 " First in ev'ry wicked job,
 " Son and brother to a queer 175
 " Brain-sick brute they call a peer.
 " We must give them better quarter,
 " For their ancestor trod mortar,
 " And at H——th, to boast his fame,
 " On a chimney cut his name. 180
 " There sit **, **, and H——n,
 " How they swagger from their garrison!
 " Such a triplet could you tell,
 " Where to find on this side hell?
 " H——n, and ——, and ——." 185
 ' Keeper, see they have their payments:
 ' Ev'ry mischief's in their hearts;
 ' If they fail 'tis want of of parts.'
 Bless us! M——n! art thou there man?
 Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman? 190
 Chairman to yon damn'd Committee!
 Yet I look on thee with pity.
 Dreadful sight! what, learned M——n
 Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon!
 For thy horrid looks, I own, 195
 Half convert me to a stone:
 Hast thou been so long at school
 Now to turn a factious tool?

Alma Mater was thy mother,
 Ev'ry young divine thy brother; 200
 Thou, a disobedient varlet,
 Treat thy mother like an harlot!
 Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,
 Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
 M——n, would it not surprise one? 205
 Turn thy nourishment to poison!
 When you walk among your books,
 They reproach you with their looks;
 Bind them fast, or from their shelves
 They'll come down to right themselves: 210
 Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Placcus,
 All in arms prepare to back us:
 Soon repent, or put to slaughter
 Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.
 Will you, in your faction's phrase, 215
 Send the Clergy all to graze?
 And, to make your project pass,
 Leave them not a blade of grass?
 How I want thee hum'rous Hogart!
 Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art; 220
 Were but you and I acquainted,
 Ev'ry monster should be painted:
 You should try your graving tools
 On this odious group of fools;
 Draw the beasts as I describe them 225
 From their features, while I gibe them;
 Draw them like, for I assure ye
 You will need no car'cture;

Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in ev'ry face.

289

' Keeper, I must now retire,
' You have done what I desire ;
' But I feel my spirits spent
' With the noise, the sight, the scent.'

" Pray be patient ; you shall find

285

" Half the best are still behind :

" You have hardly seen a score,

" I can shew two hundred more."

' Keeper, I have seen enough,'

Taking then a pinch of snuff,

240

I concluded, looking round 'em,

May their god, the d—l, confound 'em.

Take them, Satan, as your due,

All except the Fifty-two.

244

THE ELEPHANT :

OR, THE PARLIAMENT-MAN,

Written many years since.

TAKEN FROM COKE'S INSTITUTES.

ERE bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse,
' Observe an Elephant,' says he,
' And let like him your member be.

' First take a man that's free from gall,
' For Elephants have none at all ;
' In flocks or parties he must keep,
' For Elephants live just like sheep ;
' Stubborn in honour he must be,
' For Elephants ne'er bend the knee :
' Last, let his memory be sound,
' In which your Elephant's profound,
' That old examples from the wise
' May prompt him in his Noes and Ayes.'

Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers' wit,
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shews the comparison is pat.

Yet in some points my Lord is wrong ;
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue :
Now men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like Elephants of shows,
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick to gather pence.
To get their master half-a-crown,
They spread their flag or lay it down :
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
Is not with England to be nam'd ;
There Elephants by men are sold ;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

I.

POPE has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

II.

A while they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

III.

Now backs of letters, tho' design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

IV.

Each atom, by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries,
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise!

V.

Yet to the Dean his share allot,
 He claims it by a canon,
 ' That without which a thing is not,
 ' *Is causa sine qua non.*'

VI.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
 For had our deaf divine
 Been for your conversation fit,
 You had not writ a line.

VII.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
 The sexton reason'd well,
 And justly half the merit claim'd,
 Because he rang the bell.



ON THE

COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON

CUTTING PAPER.

I.

PALLAS grew vapourish once, and odd;
 She would not do the least right thing
 Either for goddess or for god,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

II.

Jove frown'd, and, ' Use (he cry'd) those eyes
' So skilful, and those hands so taper;
' Do something exquisite and wise.'—
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

III.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning shame,
What does she next, but bids on earth
Her Burlington do just the same?

IV.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Savile and of Boyle.

V.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, Madam! see the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you.

THE STORM :

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, the goddess chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the skies,
 To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
 He'd give his orders for a storm ;
 A storm to drown that rascal —
 And she would kindly thank him for't ;
 A wretch ? whom E—gl—sh rogues to spite her,
 Had lately honour'd with a re—tre.

The god, who favour'd her request,
 Assur'd her he would do his best ;
 But Venus had been there before,
 Pleaded the b——p lov'd a w——,
 And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
 Nor own'd a daisy beside ;
 By sea or land if e'er you found him
 Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
 Since B——'s death she ——'s bench
 Till —— arriv'd ne'er kept a wench ;
 If he must sink, she grieves to tell it,
 She'll not have left one single prelate ;
 For to say the truth, she did intend him
 Elect of Cyprus in *commendam*.
 And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
 She could not doubt her uncle's favour.
 Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
 But half in earnest, half in jest ;

Said he—' Great Sovereign of the main !
 ' To drown him all attempts are vain,
 ' — can assume more forms than I,
 ' A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy ;
 ' Can creep or run, can fly or swim ;
 ' All motions are alike to him ;
 ' Turn him adrift, and you shall find
 ' He knows to sail with ev'ry wind ;
 ' Or throw him overboard, he'll ride
 ' As well against as with the tide.
 ' But, Pallas, you've apply'd too late,
 ' For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate
 ' That I——d must be destroy'd,
 ' And who but —— can be employ'd ?
 ' You need not then have been so pert,
 ' In sending Bolton to Cloufct ;
 ' I found you did it by your grinning ;
 ' Your bus'ness is to mind your spinning.
 ' But how you came to interpose
 ' In making b——ps, no one knows :
 ' Or who regarded your report ;
 ' For never were you seen at court.
 ' And if you must have your petition,
 ' There's B—k—y in the same condition ;
 ' Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just
 ' If one must drown the other must ;
 ' But if you'll leave us B—p Judas,
 ' We'll give you B—k—y for Bermudas*.

* Dr. B—k—y was then full of his project of erecting a college at Bermudas.

' Now if 'twill gratify your spite,
 ' To put him in a plaguy fright,
 ' Altho' 'us hardly worth the cost,
 ' You soon shall see him soundly tost.
 ' You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
 ' (And ev'ry moment take a dram)
 ' His ghostly visage with an air
 ' Of reprobation and despair ;
 ' Or else some hiding hole he seeks,
 ' For fear the rest should say he squeaks ;
 ' Or as Fitzpatrick* did before,
 ' Resolve to perish with his wh— ;
 ' Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
 ' And but for shame would say his pray'rs.
 ' Or would you see his spirits sink,
 ' Relaxing downwards in a st—k ?
 ' If such a sight as this can please ye,
 ' Good Mrs. Pallas, pray be easy ;
 ' To Neptune speak, and he'll consent ;
 ' But he'll come back the knave he went.'

The goddess, who conceiv'd an hope
 That ——— was destin'd to a rope,
 Believ'd it best to condescend
 To spare a foe to save a friend ;
 But fearing B—k—y might be scar'd,
 She left him Virtue for a guard.

* Brigadier F——k was drowned coming from England.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
 Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place ;
 But if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
 The Place of the Damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
 Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is Hell to be found :
 Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads,
 damn'd knaves,
 Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves ;
 Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and
 damn'd 'squires ;
 Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and
 damn'd liars ;
 Damn'd villains corrupted in every station ;
 Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation :
 And into the bargain I'll readily give you
 Damn'd ignorant prelates and counsellors privy.
 Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
 For we know by these marks the Place of the
 Damn'd ;
 And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome :
 How happy for us that it is not at home !

AN APOLOGY.

A LADY wise as well as fair, ^a
 Whose conscience always was her care,
 Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
 Would have the text as well as comment ;
 So hearing of a grave divine,
 She sent to bid him come and dine.
 But you must know he was not quite
 So grave as to be unpolite ;
 Thought human learning would not lessen
 The dignity of his profession ;
 And if you 'ad heard the man discourse,
 Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
 He long had bid the court farewell,
 Retreating silent to his cell,
 Suspected for the love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before,
 Which made it more surprising how
 He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes and stares,
 And scarce believes his eyes or ears :
 Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain would hear it told again.
 But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice ;
 So bow'd, was thankful for the honour,
 And would not fail to wait upon her.

His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
 Away he trudges into town,
 Passes the lower castle-yard,
 And now advancing to the guard,
 He trembles at the thoughts of state ;
 For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
 His spirits of a sudden fail'd him ;
 He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd ?
 Why, certainly the Captain sav'd.
 To dine with her ! and come at three !
 Impossible ! it can't be me.
 Or may be I mistook the word ;
 My Lady—it must be my Lord.

My Lord's abroad ; my Lady too :
 What must th' unhappy Doctor do ?
 ' Is Capt. Cratch' rode here *, pray ?'—" No."
 Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.
 Am I awake, or do I dream ?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my name ;
 Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
 And yet there must be some mistake.
 Why, what a jest should I have been
 Had now my Lady been within ?
 What could I've said ? I'm mighty glad
 She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
 The hour of dining now is past ;
 Well, then, I'll e'en go home and fast,

* The gentleman who brought the message.

And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

My Lady now returning home,
Calls, 'Crach'ode ! is the Doctor come ?'
He had not heard of him.—' Pray see,
' 'Tis now a quarter after three.'

The Captain walks about, and searches
Thro' all the rooms, and courts, and arches ;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found.

My Lady could not chuse but wonder ;
' Captain, I fear you've made some blunder :

 ' But pray to-morrow go at ten,
' I'll try his manners once again ;
' If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
' My son shall never see a college.'

The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought ;
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing thro' the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and falt'ring—hum'd and ha'd :
Her Ladyship was gone abroad ;
The Captain too—He did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go ;
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My Lady, pitying his confusion,

Call'd her good nature to relieve him ;
Told him she thought she might believe him ;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit ;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose,
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate ;
So bowing, seemingly comply'd,
Tho' if he durst he had deny'd ;
But first resolv'd to shew his taste
Was too refin'd to give a feast ;
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air :
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence ;
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare,
While high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats :
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet,
To scatter roses at her feet ;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre like her own ;

Beauty that needs no aid of art
Thro' every sense to reach the heart
The gracious dame, tho' well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lok'd ev'ry thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d'acquit* :
Yet she, tho' seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun or chilling air,
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shews or hides his beams :
Tho' seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the rustling of the trees ;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence :
' Madam, the mighty pow'r of use
' Now strangely pleads in my excuse,
' If you, unus'd, have scarcely strength
' To gain this walk's untoward length ;
' If frighten'd at a scene so rude,
' Thro' long disuse of solitude ;
' If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
' You dread the waving of these greens ;
' If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
' Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
' Do now solicitously shun
' The cooler air and dazzling sun ;
' If his majestic eye you flee,
' Learn hence t'excuse and pity me,

' Consider what it is to bear
 ' The powder'd courtier's witty sneer ;
 ' To see th' important man of dress
 ' Scoffing my college awkwardness ;
 ' To be the strutting cornet's sport,
 ' To run the gauntlet of the court,
 ' Winning my way by slow approaches,
 ' Thro' crowds of cockcombs and of coaches,
 ' From the first fierce cockaded centry,
 ' Quite thro' the tribe of waiting gentry,
 ' To pass so many crowded stages,
 ' And stand the staring of your pages ;
 ' And, after all, to crown my spleen,
 ' Be told—you are not to be seen ;
 ' Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
 ' The awe of your majestic air :
 ' And can I then be faulty found
 ' In dreading this vexatious round ?
 ' Can it be strange if I eschew
 ' A scene so glorious and so new ?
 ' Or is he criminal that flies
 ' The living lustre of your eyes ?'



TIM AND THE FABLES.

FROM THE TENTH INTELLIGENCE.

My meaning will be best unravell'd
 When I premise that Tim has travell'd.

In Lucas's by chance there lay
 The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
 Tim set the volume on a table,
 Read over here and there a fable,
 And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
 The Monkey who had seen the World ;
 (For Tonson had, to help the sale,
 Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale.)
 The Monkey was completely dress'd,
 The beau in all his airs express'd.
 Tim with surprise and pleasure staring,
 Ran to the glass, and then comparing
 His own sweet figure with the print,
 Distinguish'd ev'ry feature in't,
 The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the sidge, and all,
 Just as they look'd in the original.
 ' By —, says Tim, (and let a f—)
 ' This graver understood his art :
 ' 'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't ;
 ' I well remember when I sat for't.
 ' My very face, as first I knew it ;
 ' Just in this dress the painter drew it.'
 Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
 Would read what underneath was written,
 The merry tale with moral grave.
 He now began to storm and rave ;
 ' The cursed villain ! now I see
 ' This was a libel meant at me :
 ' Those scribblers grow so bold of late
 ' Against us ministers of state !

'Such Jacobites as he deserve——
'Danmr, (I say,) they ought to starve.'
Dear Jim! no more such angry speeches,
Unbutton, and let down your breeches;
Tear out the tale, and wipe your a—,
I know you love to act a farce.

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE

IN SILK AND PAPLR.

To fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him so oft' as he piqu'd her;
He knew she 'ad no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
'Come sit,' says my Lady, then whips up her
scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, Sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw, with surprise,
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit, [eyes;
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
And to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
‘ Well, that’s but my outside,’ says Dan, with a
vapour,
‘ Say you, so!’ says my Lady; ‘ I’ve lin’d it with
‘ paper.’ P—D— sculp.

ANOTHER.

CLARISSA draws her scissors from the case,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson’s face :
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin, }
A nick produc’d a mouth, and made him grin, }
Such as in tailor’s measure you have seen :
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th’ unravell’d thread thro’ needle’s eye convey’d,
Transferr’d itself into his pasteboard-head.
How came the scissors to be thus outdone ?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wond’rous force of art ! now look at Dan—
You’d swear the pasteboard was the better man.
‘ The devil,’ says he, ‘ the head is not so full—
‘ Indeed it is, behold the paper-scul.’

THEO. S—N sculp.

ANOTHER.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
 Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice ;
 Chloe observing this disgrace,
 On Pam cut out his rueful face ;
 ' By G—,' says Dan, ' 'tis very hard,
 ' Cut out at dice, cut out at card !'

G. R.—D *sculp.*

ON THE FOREGOING PICTURE.

I.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic,
 To give us a description graphic,
 Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic ;

II.

I spend my time in making sermons,
 Or writing libels on the Germans,
 Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

III.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
 And look in English, French, and Scotch, for't,
 At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

IV.

 Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
 And tell who was it could direct her
 To draw the face of such a spectre

V.

 I must confess that as to me, Sirs,
 Tho' I ne'er saw her hold the scissors,
 I now could safely swear it is her's.

VI.

 'Tis true no nose could come in better;
 'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
 Which all may handle, none can flatter.

VII.

 Take courage, Dan, this plainly shows
 That not the wisest mortal knows
 What fortune may befall his nose.

VIII.

 Shew me the brightest Irish toast
 Who from her lover e'er could boast
 Above a song or two at most:

IX.

 For thee three poets now are drudging all,
 To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge, and all,
 Both of the picture and original.

X.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
 So far, dear Dan ! that ev'ry friend
 Tries who shall have it by the end.

XI.

And future poets, as they rise,
 Shall read with envy and surprise,
 Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

DAN JACKSON'S ANSWER.

*My verse is little better you'll find than my face is ;
 A word to the wise, et pictura poens.*

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,
 Because Dan's face is better hung,
 Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
 And in its place set up their own,
 As if they'd run it down much better
 By number of their feet in metre,
 Or that its red did cause their spite,
 Which made them draw in black and white.
 Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
 They were inspir'd by what they drew.
 Let then such critics know, my face
 Gives them their comeliness and grace,
 Whilst ev'ry line of face does bring
 A line of grace to what they sing.

But yet, methinks, the' with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I name the men who do rehearse
The story of the picture-larce.
The 'squire in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brack, Sirs,
Because on them you play at whist, Sirs.
But much I wonder why my cranny
Should envy'd be by De-cl-any ;
And yet much more that half name-sake
Should join a party in the freak :
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be
Divism and conjunctively ;
For if Dan love not sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan ?
This is the case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of sherry,
Or should Dan be by sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sheridane ;
'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his side ;
But if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I ?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury,

MR. ROCHFORD'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, Sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end 's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, Sir.

But yet he not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many.

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
of night,

O happy Dan ! thrice happy sure !
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight,

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty ;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t' ye,
in answer

To that party where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so differently to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block :
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion ;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
 Who made the trial, we submit;
 Thy head to prove the truth of it
 we wanted,

In one assertion you're to blame,
 Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
 Endeavouring to have your name
 refin'd, Sir.

You'll see most grossly you mistook:
 If you consult your spelling-book,
 (The better half you say you took)
 you'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, ~~she~~—and R, I, ri,
 Both put together make *Sherry*;
 D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
 syllables,

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two;
 Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
 Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
 the tables,



DR. DELANY'S REPLY,

Assist me, my Muse, whilst I labour to limn him;
Credite, Pisones, isti tabule persimilem.
 You look and you write with so different a grace,
 That I envy your verse, though I did not your face,

And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason
enough,

'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd you should think my de-
sign, [cria,
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin }
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should
malign.

And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.

Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.

And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.

Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew ;
Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it ;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been
inspir'd,

Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we
were fir'd.

As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry.
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry :
Now if Dan's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more :
For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double value.

But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verse:
 For crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
 Play two parts in one when scrapers are scarce. }
 But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
 When Sheridan sends to Merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
 'Tis very true, and free from care;
 But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir,

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
 Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
 We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, Sir,

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
 That roughness best becomes a man;
 'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and sops,
 Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
 Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face ;
Is this the way you take your glass ?

Forbear it.

Those loads of paint upon your toilette,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it :
It looks as if you did par-boil it :

Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done :
You've made your pliz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown
t' your gullet !



A REJOINDER,

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN,

IN THE NAME OF DAN JACKSON.

WEARY'D with saying grace and pray'r,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
Reply to't.

I pass now where you fier and laugh,
Cause I call Dan my better half:
Oh, there you think you have me safe!
but hold, Sir;

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold, Sir,

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base ;
So Dan's the better, tho' the less :
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant.

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry;
Good Spelling-master! your cranny
has lead in't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER BY THE DEAN.

IN DAN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated ;
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
postaster ?

Henceforth acknowledge that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose ;
But ev'ry one that knows Dan knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Ramines ;
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, Sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff ;
For know prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN.

*Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantuin.*

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

I.

To you victorious and brave,
Your now subdu'd and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon,
Who, when I fought, still cut me down,
And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

II.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And, prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie* ;
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conqu'ror and my king,
In pard'ning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a lion.

III.

Alas ! Sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in,

For spite I ne'er had any ;
 'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard name ;
 The devil too that ow'd me a shame,
 The devil and Delany :

IV.

They tempted me t'attack your Highness,
 And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
 They left me in the lurch.
 Unhappy wretch ! for now I ween
 I've nothing left to vent my spleen
 But ferula and birch :

V.

And they, alas ! yield small relief,
 Seem rather to renew my grief,
 My wounds bleed all anew ;
 For ev'ry stroke goes to my heart,
 And at each lash I feel the smart
 Of lash laid on by you.

TO THE REV. D. JACKSON.

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN
 PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
 One penny for remittance ;
 If I have well perform'd my task,
 Pray send me an acquittance,

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky ;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor ;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before :
And, when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
The more they frisk and skip :
The school-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load,
(A beast of Irish breed,)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye ;
For, soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut, and cry, *victoria* !

At every stroke of mine he fell :
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd ;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall ;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany ?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his horse
awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his
sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in spite of what our
foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his *Metamorphoses*.
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland* or Harrison)

* Alluding to the Prologue mentioned in p. 216 of vol. 1.

Yet, by my description, you'll find he, in short, is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask,
 can I maul
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man,) I should be glad then of it.

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

I.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge,
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

II.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at farting.

III.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven,

IV.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees ;
Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.

V.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election ;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.

VI.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skip the gutter.
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

VII.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd physician ;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

VIII.

Tom had the genteler swing,
His hat could nicely put on ;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

IX.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning ;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

X.

Dick with zealous Noes and Ayes,
Could roar as loud as Stentor ;
In the House 'tis all he says ;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK A MAGGOT.

As when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively Maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout ;
So when the grandson of his grandsire,
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawney hide,
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsey visage to conceal ;
For as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show,
Like a fresh t——d just dropt in snow.

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
 I hate, who gape and sneer by rules,
 You, Mullinix, and slobb'ring C——,
 Who ev'ry day and hour the same are ;
 That vulgar talent I despise
 Of pissing in the rabble's eyes ;
 And when I listen to the noise
 Of idiots roaring to the boys,
 To better judgments still submitting,
 I own I see but little wit in :
 Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
 Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider Dick, you'll find
 His genius of superior kind ;
 He never muddles in the dirt,
 Nor scours the streets without a shirt,
 Tho' Dick, I dare presume to say,
 Could do such feats as well as they.
 Dick could venture ev'ry where,
 Let the boys pelt him if they dare ;
 He'd have 'em try'd at the assizes
 For priests and Jesuits in disguises,
 Swear they were with the Swellies at Bender,
 And listing troops for the Pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk,
 No other monkey half so brisk ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Now has the Speaker by the ears—
Next moment in the House of Peers ;
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.
Presto, begone ; with t'other hap
He's powd'ring in a barber's shop ;
Now at the antichamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single Tory there ;
Then woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again, on't.



CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

TO DICK.

I.

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this Brown dost thou appear ?
For wouldst thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year :
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so Brown as thou.

II.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun;
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout :
So t——ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

III.

Thou now one heap of foulness art ;
All outward and within is foul ;
Condensed filth in ev'ry part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul ;
Thy soul which, thro' thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

IV.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine ;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worst than they're.

V.

Yet when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, ' Dust to carry out !'

VERSES

MADE FOR WOMEN WHO CRY APPLES, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plums, Apples, and Pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven;
My husband's a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

}

ASPARAGUS.

RIFE Sparagrass,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass;
O! 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here's delicate Onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.

}

They make the blood warmer ;
 You'll feed like a farmer ;
 For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,
 No sav'ry dish without an onion ;
 But lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
 Your onions must be th'roughly boil'd ;
 Or else you may spare
 Your mistress a share,
 The secret will never be known ;
 She cannot discover
 The breath of her lover,
 But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING Oysters I cry,
 My masters, come buy ;
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet is their flesh,
 No Colchester oyster
 Is sweeter and moister.
 Your stomach they settle,
 And rouse up your mettle :
 They'll make you a dad
 Of a lass or a lad ;
 And Madam your wife,
 They'll please to the life :
 Be she barren, be she old,
 Be she ~~slut~~ or be she scold,
 Eat my oysters and lie near her,
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing :
Buy my Herring
Fresh from Malahide*,
Better ne'er was try'd.

Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine Oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale :
Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

TO LOVE.

In all I wish how happy should I be,
Thou grand deluder ! were it not for thee ?
So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r despise,
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart

* Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
 But too much thanking brings us to thy snare,
 Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
 And throw the pleasing part of life away.
 But what does most my indignation move,
 Discretion ! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love ;
 Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts
 By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts :
 While the blind loit'ring god is at his play,
 'Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away ;
 Those darts which never fail ; and in their stead
 Convey'st malignant arrows tipped with lead :
 The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
 Shoots on, and thinks he has done wond'rous feats ;
 But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
 And from her shepherd can find no return,
 Laments and rages at the power divine,
 When, curs'd Discretion ! all the fault was thine.
 Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
 And brod such feuds betwixt those kindred gods,
 That Venus cannot reconcile her sons ;
 When one appears away the other runs.
 The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
 Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
 Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
 Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
 Then, gentle Venus ! so thy father run,
 And tell him how thy children are undone ;
 Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
 And strike Discretion to the shades below.

THE FOLLOWING

LINES

WERE WROTE UPON A VERY OLD GLASS OF SIR
ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL glass ! thou mortal art as well as I,
Tho' none can tell which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY DR. SWIFT.

WE both are mortal ; but thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part
Of her entirely-English heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch.
Bless'd Revolution ! which creates
Divided hearts, united states !
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of freize ;

As if a man in making posies
 Should bundle thistles up with roses,
 Who ever yet a Union saw
 Of kingdoms without faith or law?
 Henceforward let no statesman dare
 A kingdom to a ship compare,
 Lest he should call our commonweal
 A vessel with a double keel,
 Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
 And got about a league from land,
 By change of wind to leeward side,
 The pilot knew not how to guide:
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

LESBIA.

FROM CATULLUS.

LESBIA for ever on me rails;
 To talk of me she never fails:
 Now hang me, but for all her art
 I find that I have gain'd her heart.
 My proof is this, I plainly see
 The case is just the same with me;
 I curse her every hour sincerely;
 Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

MR. JASON HASSARD,

'A WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN,



**PUT UP THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, AND
DESIRED A MOTTO IN VERSE.**

JASON, the valiant Prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff;
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon' watchful Dragon*,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.



THE AUTHOR'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine;
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrages;
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend;
Yet where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b' y'—

* England.

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here,
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
 Nor thought to find so great a peer
 Ere a week past committing blunders :

Till on a day cut out by Fate,
 When folk came thick to make their court,
 Out slipt a mystery of state,
 To give the town and country sport,

Now enters Bush* with new state-airs,
 His lordship's premier minister;
 And who in all profound affairs
 Is held as needful as his clyster,

With head reclining on his shoulder
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While ev'ry ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, ' Who is that ?'

With this he put up to my Lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due ;
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word,
 Then to a corner both withdrew.

* My Lord's wise secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Imagine now my Lord and Bush
Whisp'ring in junco most profound,
Like good King Phyz and good King Ush*,
While all the rest stood gaping round.

At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on uptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute ;

To learn what northern Kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin ;
For sure, thought he, it can't be less.

' My Lord,' said Bush, ' a friend and I,
' Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
' Ere morning's-dawn stole out to spy
' How markets went for hay and oats.'

With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay ;
Puts this to his Excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates ;
Then with a congée circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.

* Vide the Ethereal.

Our list'ner stood a while confus'd,
 But gath'ring spirits, wisely ran for't,
 Enrag'd to see the world abus'd
 By two such whisp'ring kings of Brentford!



THE PROBLEM.

THAT MY LORD ~~B~~—LEY STINKS WHEN HE'S IN LOVE.

DID ever problem thus perplex,
 Or more employ the female sex?
 So sweet a passion who would think
 Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
 The ladies vow and swear they'll try
 Whether it be a truth or lie.

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
 Works on my Lord by stool and sweat,
 Which brings a stink from ev'ry pore,
 And from behind and from before;
 Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
 None but the fay'rite Nymph can smell it,
 But now to solve the nat'ral cause
 By sober philosophic laws,
 Whether all passions, when in ferment,
 Work out as anger does in vermine;
 So when a weasel you torment,
 You find his passion by his scent,

We read of Kings, who, in a fright,
 'Tho' on a throne, would fall to sh—.
 Beside all this, deep scholars know
 That the main string of Cupid's bow
 Once on a time was an a— gut;
 Now to a nobler office put,
 By favour or desert preferr'd
 For giving passage to a t—;
 But still, tho' fix'd among the stars,
 Does sympathize with human a—.
 Thus when you feel an hard-bound breech,
 Conclude Love's bow-string at full stretch,
 Till the kind looseness comes, and then
 Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now the ladies all are bent
 To try the great experiment;
 Ambitious of a regent's heart,
 Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
 Watching the first unsav'ry wind,
 Some ply before, and some behind.
 My Lord on fire amidst the dames,
 F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
 The fair approach the speaking part,
 To try the backway to his heart;
 For as when we a gun discharge,
 'Altho' the bore be ne'er so large,
 Before the flame from muzzle burst,
 Just at the breech it flashes first;
 So from my Lord his passion broke,
 He f—ted first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
 To confer notes with one another:
 And now they all agree to name
 Whom each one thought the happy dame.
 Quoth Neal, 'Whate'er the rest may think,
 'I'm sure 'twas I that felt the stink.'
 "You smell the stink! by G—, you lie,"
 Quoth Ross; "for I'll be sworn 'twas I."
 'Ladies,' quoth Levens, 'pray forbear,
 'Let's not fall out; we all had share;
 'And by the most I can discover,
 'My Lord's an universal lover.'

ON A PRINTER'S

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE BY ———.

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves;
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey;
 Where every trout can make as high roads
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
 And swagger, while the coast is clear;
 But should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide himself among the mud.

Thus if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach,
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCH-YARD OF CASTLENOCK.

WHOEVER pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The gray old fellow, Poet Joe*,
The philosophic cause will show.

Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reck'ning roof, weather-cock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall,
And tumbling topsy-turvey round,
Light with its bottom on the ground ;
For by the laws of gravitation
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile ;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock ;
From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls
The steeple Knock, the vicar Walls†.

* Mr. Beaumont, of Trim. † Rev. Archdeacon Walls.

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the same ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass,
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.

A school-boy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught,
A third who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton took it in his noddle
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The rev'rend Dr. Raymond guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The Doctor's family came by,
And little Miss began to cry,



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Give me that house in my own hand :
 Then Madam bade the chariot stand,
 Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
 ' Pray, reach that thing here to the child ;
 ' That thing, I mean, among the kate ;
 ' And here's to buy a pot of ale.'

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
 " What ! sell my master's country seat,
 " Where he comes ev'ry week from town ?
 " He would not sell it for a crown."
 ' Poh ! fellow ! keep not such a pother,
 ' In half an hour tho' 't make another.'

Says Nancy, " I can make for Miss
 " A finer house ten times than this ;
 " The Dean will give me willow sticks,
 " And Joe my apron full of bricks."



UPON STEALING A CROWN,

WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise
 Have op'd your mouth, And clos'd your eyes ;
 Like ghost, I glide along your floor,
 And softly shut the parlour door :
 For, should I break your sweet repose ;
 Who knows what money you might lose ;

Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound ?
Then sleep, my friend ; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own ;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk,
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat :
Nor can I the least diff'rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you Capon ye,
My twelve thirteens* and sixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
-And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observ'd that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder Crowns.
Could you but change a Crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye†
I thought the Lady at St. Cath'rine's†
Knew how to set you better patterns ;

* An English shilling passes for thirteen-pence in Ireland.

† Lady Mountcashel.

For this I will not dine with Agmondisham*,
And for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday night.



A REBUS, WRITTEN BY A LADY†,

ON THE REVEREND DEAN SWIFT.

Cut the name of the man who his mis-	} <i>Joseph.</i>
tres deny'd,	
And let the first of it be only apply'd,	
To join with the prophet who David did	
chide;	} <i>Nathan.</i>

Then say what a horse is that runs very fast,
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the
state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer, he flies to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or Desert is in
need.

* Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for
whom the Dean had a great esteem,

† Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
 I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
 Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
 On so mean a design, and a subject so low :
 For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
 The first but a Rebus, the last but a Dean.
 A Dean's but a parson ; and what is a Rebus ?
 A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus ;
 The corruption of verse ; for when all is done,
 It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
 But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
 It shows and discovers itself thro' a trifle.
 By reading this trifle I quickly began
 To find her a great wit, but the Dean a small man.
 Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
 Which others for mantuas would think fine enough ;
 So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
 Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
 Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,
 Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text.
 Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
 And what she describes to be merit is treason.
 The changes which faction has made in the state,
 Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date ;
 Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
 And should he write pamphlets, no great man
 would read 'em ;

And ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~ant~~ or Desert stand in need of his
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

PROBATUR ALITER.

I.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

II.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegroom's first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought
In clergymen the greatest fault.

III.

A long-ear'd beast, and a woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

IV.

With a long-ear'd beast, and med'cines use,
Cooks make their fowls look tight and spruce.

V.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

VI.

A long-ear'd beast and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

VII.

A long-ear'd beast, and Flander's college,
Is Dr. T————l to my knowledge.

VIII.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spight,

IX.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.

X.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermine,
A judge will eat tho' clad in ermine.

XI.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.

XII.

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.

XIII.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.

MISCELLANEOUS DOBARS.

XIV.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

XV.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

XVI.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.

XVII.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest or jest.

XVIII.

A long ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unless I look'd better.

XIX.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unbound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

XX.

A long-ear'd beast another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there's nothing comes so near.

XXI.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.

XXII.

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

XXIII.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.



TOM'S METAMORPHOSIS

INTO A POET AND SPANIEL.

TOM was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and danc'd to his own jig;
Good-natur'd, but a little silly,
Irresolute and shally shilly;
What he should do he could not guess,
They mov'd him like a man at chess.
Swift told him once that he had wit;
Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit;
Thought himself son of second Phœbus,
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But swallow'd so much water down,
He got a dropsy : now they say 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes,
And all the liquor he has past,
Is without spirit, salt, or taste,

But since it past Tom thought it wit,
 And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
 He writ The Wonder of all Wonders,
 He writ The Blunder of all Blunders;
 He writ A merry Farce for Poppet,
 Taught actors how to squeak and hop it;
 A Treatise on the Wooden Man* ;
 A Ballad on the Nose of Daut† ;
 The Art of making April Fools,
 And four-and-thirty Punning Rules.
 The learned say that Tom went snacks
 With Philomaths for almanacs,
 Tho' they divided are, and some say
 He writ for Whaley, some for Campsay‡.
 Hundreds there are who will make oaths
 He wrote alternately for both;
 For tho' they made the calculations,
 Tom writ the monthly observations.
 Such were his writings; but his chatter
 Was one continued clitter clatter.
 Swift slit his tongue, and made him talk,
 Cry Cup of Sack, and, Walk, Knaves walk;
 And fitted little prating Poll
 For wiry cage in common hall;
 Made him expert at quibble jargon,
 And quaint at selling of a bargain.

* The sign of a Wooden Man in Essex-Street, Dublin.

† A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.

‡ Two almanac-makers in Dublin.

Poll he could talk in different linguos,
 But he could never learn distinguos.
 Swift try'd in vain, and angry thereat,
 Into a Spaniel turn'd his Parrot;
 Made him to walk on his hind legs,
 And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
 Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,
 Lies close, will whine, and creek, and lick.
 Swift puts a bit upon his snout,
 Poor Tom he dares not look about;
 But soon as Swift once gives the word,
 He snaps it up tho' 'twere a t—d.

BILLET

TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

The enclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of a stroller's not suffering you to act unless you would pay him *per ann.*, upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the Play-house and your clothes, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wand'ring up and down,
 Hearing the House was empty, came to Town,
 And with a licence from our good Lord May'r,
 Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Am we persuaded, with a mod'rate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.

When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king,
We humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.

Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in Town! 'tis plaguy dear.
Now here's a warrant, Gallants! please to mark,
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.

Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six.
A score of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or so we understand.

To help an honest lad that's out of place
May cost a crown or so; a common case;
And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat;
But in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?

I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part.
I told him what it was to be a stroller,
How free we acted, and had no controller.

In ev'ry town we wait on Mr. May'r,
First get a licence, then produce our ware:
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
"Huzza!" the schoolboys roar, "the play'rs are
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on, [come!"
'Gallants! by Tuesday next we must be gone.'

I told him, in the smoothest way I could, -
All this and more, yet it would do no good:
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Weeks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours; here intends to stay,
And, as a stroller, act in ev'ry play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes,
Not frightened with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.

A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of bus'ness in our own.

Gallants! next Thursday night will be our last,
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast:
Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF

CASHEL AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick ! prithce tell by what passion you
 move;
 The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
 And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
 They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
 You certainly know, tho' so loudly you vapour,
 His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier;
 Then prithce reflect, take a word of advice,
 And as your old want is, change sides in a trice :
 On his virtues hold forth, 'tis the very best way,
 And say of the man what all honest men say.
 But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
 If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
 Say then more than they ; nay, lavishly flatter,
 'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter ;
 For thine, my dear Dick ! give me leave to speak
 plain,
 Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON SAINT CELIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to
 pass
 That you, who know music no more than an ass,

That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
 Should lend your Cathedral to players and
 To act such an opera once in a year, [scrapers?
 So offensive to ev'ry true Protestant ear, [ing,
 With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and sung-
 Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
 No Protestant prelate, his Lordship or Grace,
 Durst there shew his Right or Most Reverend face:
 How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets
 To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets?

The rest is wanting.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I.

LEST it may more quarrels breed,
 I will never hear you read.

II.

By disputing I will never
 To convince you once endeavour,

III.

When a paradox you stick to,
 I will never contradict you.

IV.

When I talk, and you are heedless,
I will shew no anger needless.

V.

When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI.

When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII.

Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye,
To be chidden for explaining
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII.

Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX.

You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X.

You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.

XI,

Shew your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit ;
Give yourself ten thousand airs,
That with me shall break no squares.

XII.

Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice ;
Which, if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.



ROBIN AND HARRY*.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse,
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing :
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.

* These gentlemen were sons of the famous Dr. Leslie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spanish service.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Robin from noon to night will prate,
'Runs out in tongue as in estate,
And ere a twelvemonth and a day
Will not have one new thing to say.

Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice;
And if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.

It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And with his dame the ocean crost,
All for Love—or, the World well Lost;
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse,
Or dearns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her,
And sell, to pacify his wroth,
A birthright for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;

But when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the marry'd state,
From gold brocade and shining armour
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer,
His grazier's coat with dirt besnear'd,
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of Paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank,
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life,
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

Come, sit by my side while this picture I draw;
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern,

Now tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and
merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

Dec. 14, 1719, 9 at night,*

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether
the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.
If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain
English, tell us so?
For my part, it was by mere chance I came to
sit with the ladies† this night:
And if they had not told me there was a letter
from you; and your ~~man~~ Alexander had not
gone, and come back from the deanry; and
the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander
know I was here; I should have missed the
letter out-right.
Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending
for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.
Make a page of your own age, and send your
man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders al-
ready has gone above ten jaunts.

* This is probably dated too early,

† Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, tho' they like your wine ; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer ; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour :

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued ; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady Mountcashel ; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated :
Much plaguc it created. I scolded and rated ;
My soul is much grated ; for your man I long waited.

I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited :
Your man is belated ; the case I have stated ;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unsated.
Come back t' us well freighted.

I remember my late head ; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me amgly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;

But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your
bottling;

But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart.

I wish you would sign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I'd be glad of a knoggin;
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a month agoon-full, you won't part
with a spoonful;

And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.

You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum;
Tho' perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quene;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain

I know they have many a wicked design :
 And, give Satan his duc, Dan begins to refine.
 However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
 You would really on Thursday leave St. Catherine*,
 Where I hear you are cramm'd ev'ry day like a
 swine.

With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
 Nor after your vittles lie sleeping supine ;
 So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Mas-
 serine ;

But were you as wicked as lewd Aratine,
 I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
 If, when you return, your road you don't line,
 On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
 Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
 In square, or in opposite circle or trine.
 Your beef will on Thursday be saltier than brine ;
 I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the
 kine,

As much as the Liffey's outdone by the Rhine ;
 And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.
 If you do not come back we shall weep out our
 Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.[eyn,
 The beef you have got, I hear is a chine,
 But if too many come your Madam will whine,
 And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
 But enough of this poetry Alexandrine ;
 I hope you will not think this a Pasquine.

* The seat of Lady Mountmellick, about six miles from Dublin.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D

O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou canst not whoso die, thy works will shine
To future times; and life in fame be thine. FARNELL

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.*

HAPPIEST of the spaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye ;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribands bound ;
And the muscly swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest ;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black ;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines ;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear ;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid ;

* In ridicule of Phillips's poem on Miss Carteret, and written, it has been said, ' to affront the lady of archbishop Becket.' N.

And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the Spaniel race ;
While the soft perspiring Dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers !

With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress ;
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing ;
Curling wood-bine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead ;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring ;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love :
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance chuse ;
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty foundlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels, gentle care ;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face ;
Let the spotted wanton Dame ,
Feel a new resistless flame ;

Let the happiest of his race
 Win the fair to his embrace.
 But in shade the rest conceal,
 Nor to sight their joys reveal,
 Lest the pencil and the Muse
 Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AY AND NO;

A TALE FROM DUBLIN.—1737.

AT Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
 Both dress'd like divines, with band and face
 clean.

Quoth Hugh of Armagh*, 'The mob is grown
 bold.'

"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old
 gold."

'No, no,' quoth the Primate, 'if causes we sift,
 'This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift.'

The smart-one replied, "There's no wit in the
 case;

"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.

"Tho' with your state-sieve your own notions you
 split,

"A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

- " It is matter of weight, and a mere money-job ;
 " But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
 " Go tell your friend Bob, and the other great
 folk,
 " That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
 " The Irish dear-joys have enough common sense,
 " To treat gold reduc'd like Wood's copper-pence.
 " It is pity a Prelate should die without law ;
 " But if I say the word—take care of Arinagh ! "



DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

THE furniture that best doth please
 St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these :
 The knife and fork with which I eat ;
 And, next, the pot that boils the meat ;
 The next to be preferr'd, I think,
 Is the glass in which I drink ;
 The shelves on which my books I keep ;
 And the bed on which I sleep ;
 An antique elbow-chair between,
 Big enough to hold the Dean ;
 And the store that gives delight
 In the cold bleak wintery night ;
 To these we add a thing below,
 More for use reserv'd than show :

These are what the Dean do please ;
All superfluous are but these.

APOLLO'S EDICT*.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our Viceroy there ;
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspir'd her Son !
What cannot our Vicegerent do,
As Poet and as Patriot too ?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where He leads the way ;
Then study to correct your taste ;
Nor beaten paths be longer trac'd.

}

No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun ;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the Camelion spare ;
And, when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a Salamander.

* This poem was originally written in 1729; the latter part of it was re-published in 1742, on the death of the Countess of Donegal. N.

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd-in the Day,
Or ever name the milky-way.

}

You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.

The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble Wren to soar.
Your Tragic Heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.

When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Tho' Poets have the second-sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies;
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd ~~exaltize~~ praise,
And must exalt him to the ~~skies~~ skies;
Without a star, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.

}

If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon-days;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.

Whene'er my Viceroy is address'd,
Against the Phoenix I protest.
When Poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.

When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
Howeverauteous, for his mother:
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply blest at home?

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destin'd by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;—
Take qualities from Donegal.

ON THE
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY*,

NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Intranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean.
I strait beheld on either hand
Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son;
And thus the high dispute begun.

St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong:
' Swift is my own, by right divine,
' All born upon this day are mine.'

St. Patrick said, " I own this true,
" So far he does belong to you :

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the same occasion.

" But in my church he's born again,
 " My son adopted, and my Dean.
 " When first the Christian truth I spread,
 " The poor within this isle I fed,
 " The darkest errors banish'd hence,
 " Made knowledge in their place commence ;
 " Nay more, at my divine command,
 " All noxious creatures fled the land.
 " I made both peace and plenty smile.
 " Hibernia was my favourite isle ;
 " Now his—for he succeeds to me,
 " Two angels cannot more agree.
 " His joy is, to relieve the poor ;
 " Behold them weckly at his door !
 " His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
 " He like the sun to all conveys ;
 " Shows wisdom in a single page,
 " And in one hour instructs an age.
 " When ruin lately stood around
 " Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
 " He gloriously did interpose
 " And sav'd it from invading foes ;
 " For this I claim immortal Swift,
 " As my own son, and Heav'n's best gift."
 The Caledonian Saint, engag'd,
 Now closer in dispute engag'd,
 Essays to prove, by transmigration,
 The Dean is of the Scottish nation ;
 And, to confirm the truth, he chose
 The loyal soul of great Montrose.

‘ Montrose and he are both the same,
‘ They only differ in the name ;
‘ Both, heroes in a righteous cause,
‘ Assert their liberties and laws :
‘ He’s now the same, Montrose was then,
‘ But that the sword is turn’d a pen ;
‘ A pen of so great power, each word
‘ Defends beyond the hero’s sword.’

Now words grew high—we can’t suppose
Immortals ever come to blows ;
But, lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heav’n descends,
And he at once the contest ends :

“ Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
“ Ye both mistake the present case ;
“ One kingdom cannot have pretence
“ To so much virtue ! so much sense :
“ Search Heav’n’s record ; and there you’ll find,
“ That he was born for all mankind.”

EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ

WITH A PICTURE OF DEAN SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN*.

To gratify thy long desire,
 (So Love and Piety require,)
 From Bindon's† colours you may trace
 The patriot's venerable face,
 The last, O Nugent ! which his art
 Shall ever to the world impart ;
 For know, the prime of mortal men,
 That matchless monarch of the pen,
 (Whose labours, like the genial sun,
 Shall through revolving ages run,
 Yet never, like the sun, decline,
 But in their full meridian shine,)
 That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
 So long the wonder of his age,
 Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
 Is not the shadow of the Dean :
 He only breathes Boeotian air—
 ' Oh ! what a falling-off was there !'
 Hibernia's helicon is dry,
 Invention, wit, and humour die ;

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

† Samuel Bindon, esq. a celebrated painter. N.

And what remains against the storm
Of malice, but an empty form ?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle ;
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid honour, truth unmix'd,
Impartial reason, thought profound,
And charity, diffusing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of fortune to the sons of woe ?

Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo ! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty stream :
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fall.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace :
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan ;

By Providence advanc'd for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas !
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts ;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
'The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.

Al! where is now the supple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue ;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?

Good Christians ! they with bended knees,
Ingulph'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes,

Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatise his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying-glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, oh! that he, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That he, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;

And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy !

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.

So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please,
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd ;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right :
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason ;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say ;

Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows,
And where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier ;
All her spirits in a flame, & .
When she knows she's most to blame.

Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles ;
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.

Ye who hate such inconsistency,
To be easy keep your distance ;
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her,
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warn her :
Then, perhaps, you may reform her :
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her when she's right ;
She may then grow wise for spite.

No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learn'd her creed ;
She's too cunning and too skilful
When to yield and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors ;

That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
 This is flatt'ring and delightful;
 That she throws away as foul,
 Sits by this to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
 Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you;
 Heav'n forbid he should despise thee,
 But will never more advise thee.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS suæ fifty-two,
 A rich divine began to woo
 A handsome young imperious girl,
 Nearly related to an earl.
 Her parents and her friends consent;
 The couple to the temple went.
 They first invite the Cyprian Queen,
 'Twas answer'd, She would not be seen:
 The Graces next, and all the Muses,
 Were bid in form—but sent excuses.
 Juno attended at the porch,
 With farthing candle for a torch,
 While Mrs. Iris held her train,
 The faded bow distilling rain;
 Then Hebe came, and took her place,
 But shew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
 In mirth the wedding-day was spent;

The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom dress'd, to make a figure
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start,
Scarcely run a step before they part,
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord! what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make?
Wish'd him a col'nel for her sake:
Then on her fingers' ends she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
'The Dean,' she heard her uncle say,
'Is sixty, if he be a day;

' His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
' You see the crow's feet round his eyes.'

At one she rambles to the shops
To cheapen tea and talk with fops,
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four ;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her ev'ning work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukish, and his stomach gone ;
In thread-bare gown would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household ;
Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace ;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain ;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Can'st thou imagine, dull Divine !
'Twill gain her love to make her fine ?
Hath she no other wants beside ?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,

Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado,
And shall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
The cause, alas! is quickly guess'd,
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his Rev'rence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong-prolific notion,

That mix'd with Achelaus' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain,
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught,
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find ;
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd ev'ry morn
To drink in Achelaus' horn :
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, tho' much against the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent.
His money spent ! a clownish reason ;
And must my Lady slip her season ?
The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's case,
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise ;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there :

Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassoc and his years,
He keeps his distance in the gallery.
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's gallery;
For 't wou'd his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So I have scen, within a penn,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But when let out they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever,
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,—
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes thro' all her forms;
New lovers now will come in swarms,
Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present leave her,
A rooted pox to last for ever.

THE BROKEN MUG.

A TALE.

How shall I now the Nine invoke,
 Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
 Then let my sorrows have some vent,
 Proportion'd to my discontent.
 In all affairs of human life,
 So internix'd with joy and strife,
 My mug still sweeten'd all my care,
 My sorrows still were drowned there:
 This with an honest jolly friend
 To anxious thoughts could put an end,
 Which still clos'd up the toils of day,
 And made the minutes glide away;
 But now I have no mug to drink,
 Nor scarce the pow'r to write or think.

Assist, ye Nymphs! with wit and skill
 A native of Parnassus' Hill,
 Who now implores the sacred Nine
 To raise his thoughts in ev'ry line.
 Your property is not to stint,
 Or give a mug with nothing in't.
 Since Bards are subject to be dry,
 We beg, before our skill we try,
 A draught of the Castalian spring,
 To clear our pipes before we sing.

This mug, which I lament in tears,
 Hath serv'd me well for many years.

That useful piece of furniture
Is broke, and shatter'd past all cure ;
Nor can it ere be hoop'd with tin,
As other broken mugs have been,
Whose raptures, cur'd by tinker's truss,
Are still of special use to us.

But now, alas ! 'tis all in vain
To join thy particles again.
What cost would I on thee bestow
To have thee now *in statu quo* ?
Thou, mug ! the subject of my song,
Should'st not lie still, nor empty long ;
In silver hoops thou should'st appear,
Well tipp'd, and frothing full of beer,
Whose fragrant babbles gently fall,
Till by degrees contracted small,
They on thy centre form a rose
So grateful to our eyes and nose,
Whose mantling juice does fair outshine
The sparkling of the choicest wine.

It was a family old mug,
At which our friends did often tug ;
'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
And Granny says, upon her truth,
A finer mug was never bought,
Altho' it cost her but a groat.
The potter surely play'd his part,
For 'twas a master-piece of art :
He form'd it of well-temper'd stuff,
To make it durable and tough :

The concave and the convex white
 Appear'd most pleasing to the sight :
 'Twould puzzle Euclid or Descart
 To take dimensions of each part.
 The base whereon it stood was round,
 The rest with various shapes abound ;
 Not truly spherical nor conic,
 Cylindrical nor parabolic ;
 All from the bottom to the ear
 Was like the *frustrum* of a sphere ;
 The rest much like that of a cone,
 To which was fix'd one ear alone ;
 Tho' one should think another lag
 Might well become so large a mug.

But be it known unto you, Sirs,
 Some modern wise geometers
 Thought it a surer way and quicker,
 To fill the mug with humming liquor,
 Then handing it from north to south,
 They took the gauge by word of mouth ;
 For when it went full nine times round,
 By long experience they found
 It held two quarts by estimation,
 And some few tenths by calculation.
 Then, to complete what they begun,
 They inch'd it like a brewer's tun,
 And in a minute would destroy
 Their sev'ral inches wet or dry.
 They estimated near enough
 A conic or cylindric hoof ;

Whene'er the mug was on a stoop,
They told the ullage to a sup.

It serv'd a double 'prenticeship,
And never got a crack or slip,
Until by chance, the other day,
(To shew the frailty of our clay,)
It got a most unlucky fall,
Which may be warning to us all ;
For let us live to Nestor's age,
We must at last go off the stage.
'Twas made in Anna's glorious reign,
And always kept both sweet and clean ;
Her health was often drank thereout,
In March or in October stout.
It went about just with the sun,
And in a circle still did run.
'Twould drain a cellar ere so deep,
And from an inundation keep,
That quarter of the town, you know,
Where high spring-tides do overflow ;
For in a day it would exhale
The Lord knows how much beer or ale.
Nor could it lose its virtue quite
Till it was nine or ten at night.
It was a planet without doubt,
For day and night it went about,
And had its periodic times
As regular as Christ-church chimes.
Then by nocturnal observation,
We found its virtue and pulsation ;

(When like the sea it ebb'd and flow'd)
 Its various operations show'd,
 And diff'rent influence on men,
 About the hours of eight or ten.

'Twas on a day, some friends and I
 Were seated on Parnassus high.
 My friends began to hem and cough,
 With voices hoarse and very rough.
 By long debating *pro* and *con*
 Whether the earth mov'd or the sun ?
 Who writ the best philosophy,
 Copernicus or Ptolomy ?
 Whether they were not both outdone
 By Newton's principles alone ?
 Tho' now the mode, 'tis not my way
 To entertain my friends with tea.
 We bards don't love our drink too new,
 Nor can we spare the time to brew :
 We use no tea nor coffee here,
 They're both insipid, and too dear ;
 They never can clear up the brain,
 Or put us in a merry vein :
 To some they give ill-natur'd fits,
 While base detractors pass for wits :
 From whose vile censure who is free ?
 All suffer by their rash decree.
 I guess'd my brother bards were 'dry,
 Then begg'd a nymph, who lives hard by,
 To haste to Helicon in haste
 And bring the mug full of the best.

In haste as she tripp'd down the stairs
With graceful air, but unawares,
Precipitating on the hoop,
As she ran downwards made her stoop ;
Down fell the nymph, the mug, and all,
The loss was great and great the fall :
The nymph return'd with nimble foot,
But got her finger sorely cut.
The tidings told with panting breath,
How she escap'd a sudden death,
The shatter'd limbs—Oh dire mishap !
She brought up gather'd in her lap,
With fractures of the mug so small,
No art could ere cement them all.

Thou best of mugs ! adieu, adieu !
Since I am doom'd to follow you ;
I am but clay, and so wert thou :
When I go off, or where, or how,
I cannot tell ; but still must strive
To keep this microcosm alive ;
To wet my clay as it grows dry,
Lest it should into atoms fly.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER

OF THE INTELLIGENCE.

As a thorn-bush or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,

Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens entertainment there,
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set for a sign of wit within :
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse-bush for spite,
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn ;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
And now t' exemplify this moral,
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which measur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But like a girl's cockade, was ty'd
A trophy on his temple-side,)
Paddy repin'd to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair,
And thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Medley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose,
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The Eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing Wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the Thund'rer's breast :

In vain ; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational the human-kind ;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum,
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must, in spite of them, maintain
That man and all his ways are vain,
And that this boasted lord of Nature
Is both a 'weak and erring creature ;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride ;
And that brute-beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute ?
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levees go
To treat as dearest friend or foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leath.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He in his turn finds imitators ;
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

I.

On ! heav'nly born ! in deepest dells
If fairest Science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave,
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave ;

II.

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
With scientific light ;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Tho' rapt from mortal sight.

III.

Yet, Goddess ! yet the way explore,
With magic rites and Heathen lore

Obstructed and depress'd,
 'Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
 Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.

IV.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
 To moralize the human thought
 Of mad Opinion's maze,
 To erring Zeal they gave new laws.
 Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
 That blends congenial rays.

V.

Bid bright Astrea gild the morn,
 Or bid a hundred sons be born,
 To hecatomb the year;
 Without thy aid in vain the poles,
 In vain the zodiac system rolls,
 In vain the lunar sphere.

VI.

Come, fairest Princess of the throng!
 Bring sweet Philosophy along
 In metaphysic dretuns;
 While raptur'd bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold
 In Heliconian streams.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VII.

Drive Thralldom, with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land
By Folly led astray :
Ierne bear on azure wing ;
Energic let her soar and sing
Thy universal sway.

VIII.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

I.

THE life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a Puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

II.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid ;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priests and people bow'd the head.

III.

No wonder then if art began
 The simple votaries to frame,
 To shape in timber foolish man,
 And consecrate the block to fame.

IV.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
 That trees might rise from human forms,
 The body to a trunk be turn'd,
 And branches issue from the arms.

V.

Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,
 That man's a blockhead have confest;
 Powel and Stretch* the hint pursue:
 Life is a farce, the world a jest.

VI.

The same great truth South-sea hath prov'd
 On that fam'd theatre the Alley,
 Where thousands, by Directors mov'd,
 Are now sad monuments of folly.

VII.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
 The same a Harlequin is now;
 The former was buffoon above,
 The latter is a Punch below.

* Two puppet-show men.

VIII.

This fleeting scene is but a stage
Where various images appear :
In diff'rent parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

IX.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within ;
And legislators rang'd in state
Are oft' but wisdom in machine.

X.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place ;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

XI.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown ;
By the mere sprang of wiles they play,
And speak in language not their own.

XII.

Too oft', ah ! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life
Mix'd and imbitter'd by a Joan.

XIII.

In short, whatever men pursue
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love,
Thy mimic race brings all to view ;
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

XIV.

Go on, great Stretch! with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride,
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

XV.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown ;
Thy image shall preserve thy fame ;
Ages to come thy worth to own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

XVI.

Tell Tom he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in Nature's glass ;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for honour pass.

XVII.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a ~~safe~~ force on flesh and blood,
And shews some error in the brain.

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XVIII.

He that would thus refine on thee,
 And turn thy stage into a school,
 The jest of Punch will ever be,
 And stand confest the greater fool

ON PSYCHE*.

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
 Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
 So loit'ring, so active, so busy, so idle,
 Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
 Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a
 race,
 Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a
 warm place.
 She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain,
 But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
 To please you she knows how to chuse a nice bit,
 For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
 To oblige a good friend she will trace ev'ry market,
 It would do your heart good to see how she'll cark it:
 Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
 She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. John Sican, an eminent lawyer in Dublin.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

UPON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

ON THE COLLAR OF

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER*.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue;
That we both act the part of the clown and the
cow-dung;

We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first. [burst,
Pudet hæc approbria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

* All the humour of this poem is lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.

Tho' Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
 You reply and rejoin like Hoadley of Bangor.
 I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
 How many to answer? One, two, three, four:
 But because the three former are long ago past,
 I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
 You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
 Who, ere t'other gets up demands the rising blow:
 Yet I know a young rogue that, thrown flat on the
 field,
 Would, as he lay under, cry out, "Sirrah, yield!"
 So the French, when our generals soundly did pay
 'em,
 Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te*
 Deum:
 So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-
 ground,
 Comes off by outlaughing the Company round.
 In ev'ry vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
 Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
 My offers of peace you ill understood;
 Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own
 good?
 'Twas to teach you in moderate language your
 duty,
 For were you a dog I could not be rude t'ye.
 As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends,
 To a quarrelsome fellow cries, "Let us be friends."
 But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
 The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write;

And I'll use you as he did that over-grown clown,
 I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
 And 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
 The worst dunce in your school till he's heav'd
 from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I
 was in great haste, and the other hand was em-
 ployed at the same time in writing some letters
 of business.

September 20, 1718.

I will send you the rest when I have leisure, but
 pray come to dinner with the company you met
 here last.



TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY DIFFERENT
 LIBELS.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
 And Fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
 The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
 Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
 And Calumny, by working under ground,
 Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning
 To live obscure, and have no fame to lose, chuse

By Censure frightened out of Honour's road,
 Nor dare to use the gifts by Heav'n bestow'd,
 Nor fearless enter in thro' Virtue's gate,
 And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY*.

About three months ago, at Windsor, a Poor Knight's widow was buried in the cloysters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor mⁿ. expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case, which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax very rude and Gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it, but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now

* It is well known that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishopric, which was opposed by Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, and the Duchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his Grace to go with her to the Queen to lay aside the nomination, which her Majesty refused; but the Duchess falling on her knees, and shewing the following Prophecy to her Majesty, the bishopric was given to another. See the Poem. The Author on himself.

in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all, of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

WHEN a holy black Swede*, the son of Bob,
 With a saint at his chin and a seal at his fob,
 Shall not see one new-year's-day in that year†,
 Then let old England make good cheer:
 Windsor and Bristow then shall be
 Join'd together in the low-Countree.
 Then shall the tall black Deventry bird‡
 Speak against peace right many a word;
 And some shall admire his conying wit,
 For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
 But spight of the Harpy|| that crawls on all four;
 There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more:

* Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the peace of Utrecht.

† There was eleven days' difference between the old and new style, the latter received at Utrecht before this Bishop went thither, but which did not take place in Great Britain and Ireland until Sept. 3. 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called Sept. 14. The Bishop, therefore, set out from England before Jan. 1 O. S.

‡ Earl of Nottingham.

|| Duke of Marlborough.

But England must cry Alack and well-a-day !
 If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.
 And dear England, if aught I understand,
 Beware of carrots from Northumberland*.
 Carrots sown Thynnet a deep root may get,
 If so be they are in Sommer set :
 Their Conyngs† mark thou, for I have been told
 They assussine when young, and poison when old.
 Root out these carrots, O thou, whose name
 Is backwards and forwards always the same|| !
 And keep close to thee always that name
 Which backwards and forwards§ is almost the
 same.
 And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
 Bury those carrots under a Hill**.

* Lady Elizabeth Percy, sole daughter and heir of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

† Thomas Thynne, esq. a gentleman of very great estate, who was courting the above lady, after the death of her first husband Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son to Henry Duke of Newcastle, who died before he was of age to cohabit with her, being set upon in the Hay-market, London, was murdered by Count Coningsmark, a Polish nobleman (who paid his addresses to this lady, but was refused,) and two ruffians, who shot Mr. Thynne in his coach. The Count made his escape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in Westminster-abbey erected to the memory of Mr. Thynne, upon an entablature, of which this transaction of his murder is represented.

‡ Count Coningsmark.

§ Anna Regina.

§ Lady Masham.

** Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

PAULUS. BY MR. LYNDSAY*

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

' A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's
 heats,
 ' In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
 ' While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
 ' Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
 ' Can he who knows that real good should please,
 ' Barter for gold his liberty and ease?'— [door,
 Thus Paulus preach'd :—When, entering at the
 Upon his board the client pours the ore :
 He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
 Forgets the sun, and doseth on the laws.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO PAULUS.

LYNDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
 And honest Paulus judges right :
 Then why these quarrels to the sun,
 Without whose aid you're all undone?
 Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
 Did Paulus e'er the sun forget?

* Mr. Lindsay, a polite and elegant scholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the justices of the court of common-pleas. N.

The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsav'ry steams?
The sun, you say, his face hath lost:
It has; but then it greas'd his foot.
'True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends;
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits or gilding flowers,
Nor for inspiring poets' brains,
With pennyless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Nor for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles;
But for a more substantial cause;
Apollo's patron of the laws,
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore.

By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light,
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright,
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees;
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she hath in view
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests', the lawyers' gold.

Now should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus! who'd believe us?

'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise.

'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients sat ye more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quantum putimur?*

But since the truth must needs be stretched,
To prove the lawyers are so wretched,

This paradox I'll undertake

For Paulus and for Lyndsay's sake.

By topics which, tho' I abomine 'em,

May serve as arguments *ad hominem*,

Yet I disdain to offer those

Made use of by detracting foes:

I own the curses of mankind

Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;

The clamours of ten thousand tongues

Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.

I own his conscience always free,

Provided he has got his fee.

Secure of constant peace within,

He knows no guilt who knows no sin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,

By clients always over-witted:

And tho' the Gospel seems to say

What heavy burthens lawyers lay

Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,

Nor lend a finger to the labour,

Always for saving their own bacon;

No doubt the text is here mistaken;

The copy's false, and sense is rackt ;
'To prove it I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonstration show
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Tho' he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine,
Himself sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag ;
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three ;
And all for poor ten moidores fee.
(Of paper how is he profuse !
With periods long, in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix !
A thousand lines to stand for six ;
Of common sense without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden ?
'The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge ;
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse,
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night :
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country-mansion down,
And disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road ;

Despiseth rapparees, and rides,
 Safe thro' the Newry mountains' sides.
 Lyndsay 'tis you have set me on,
 To state this question *pro* and *con*.
 My satire may offend, 'tis true;
 However, it concerns not you.

I own there may in ev'ry clan,
 Perhaps, he found one honest man,
 Yet, link them close, in this they jump,
 To be but sharpers in the lump.
 Imagine Lyndsay at the bar,
 He's much the same his brethren are;
 Well taught by practice to imbibe
 The fundamentals of his tribe,
 And in his client's just defence
 Must deviate oft' from common sense,
 And make his ignorance discern'd,
 To get the name of council learn'd,
 (As *lucus* comes a *non lucendo*,)
 And wisely do as other men do;
 But shift him to a better scene,
 Among his crew of rogues in grain,
 Surrounded with companions fit,
 To taste his humour, sense, and wit,
 You'd swear he never took a fee,
 Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
 'Tis hard where dulness over-rules
 To keep good sense in crowds of fools;
 And we admire the man who saves
 His honesty in crowds of knaves,

Nor yields up virtue at discretion
 To villains of his own profession.
 Lyndsay ! you know what pains you take
 In both, yet barely save your stake ;
 And will you venture both adieu,
 To sit among the venal crew,
 That pack of mimic legislators,
 Abandon'd, stupid, slavish pruters ?
 For, as the rabble daub and rifle
 The fool who scrambles for a trifle,
 Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
 Drawn thro' the dirt, his pockets pick'd,
 You must expect the like disgrace,
 Scrambling with rogues to get a place ;
 Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
 Your num'rous virtues foully stain'd ;
 Disclaims for ever all pretence
 To common honesty and sense,
 And join in friendship with a strict tye,
 To M——l C——y and Dick Tighe*.

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

MAKE Rundle bishop ! fy for shame !
 An Arian to usurp the name !

* A Privy Counsellor who had incurred the displeasure of the Dean.

A bishop in the Isle of Saints !
 How will his brethren make complaints !
 Dare any of the mitred host
 Confer on him the Holy Ghost ?
 In mother-church to breed a variance,
 By coupling Orthodox with Arians ?

Yet were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 What is there in it strange or new ?
 For let us hear the weak pretence
 His brethren find to take offence,
 Of whom there are but four at most
 Who know there is an Holy Ghost ;
 The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
 Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it,
 And when they gave it, well 'tis known
 They gave what never was their own.

Rundle a bishop ! well he may ;
 He's still a Christian more than they.
 We know the subject of their quarrels !
 The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty ;
 'Tis granted he believes a Deity ;
 Has ev'ry circumstance to please us,
 Tho' fools may doubt his faith in J—.
 But why should he with that be loaded,
 Now twenty years from court exploded ?
 And is not this objection odd
 From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God ?
 For liberty a champion stout,
 Tho' not so gospel-ward devout ;

While others, hither sent to save us,
 Came but to plunder and enslave us;
 Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine,
 But Mammon and the German line.

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
 Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?
 From ancient canons would not vary,
 But thrice refus'd *Episcopari*.

Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
 Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
 Or sell his children, house, and lands,
 For that one gift to lay on hands;
 But all his gold could not avail
 To have the Spirit set to sale.
 Said surly Peter, 'Magus, prithee,
 'Begone; thy money perish with thee.'
 Were Peter now alive, perhaps
 He might have found a score of chaps,
 Could he but make his gift appear
 In rents three thousand pounds a-year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
 As not the handy-work of God,
 Tho' ev'n the bishops disappointed,
 Must own it made by God's anointed;
 And well we know the congée regal
 Is more secure as well as legal,
 Because our lawyers all agree
 That bishopricks are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse!
 How sorely I lament your loss!

BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas ;
For had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.

Come, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust ;
And, whisp'ring, charg'd me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day ;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place ;
And not my compliment to spoil
By calling this your native soil ;
Or vex the ladies, when they know
That you are turning forty-two :
But if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, tho' you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan ;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And every belle that since arose
Has her cotemporary beaux
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champagne
Your great protectors, once in pow'r,
Are now in exile on the 'Tow'r
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot.
~~For~~ true or false they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior*.

In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear,
Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun or Irish phrase,
To see a scoundrel strut and hector
A foot boy to some rogue Director?
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody ——— stands,
With tort'ring engines in his hands,
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatning the pillory and jail.
Is this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again,

* Matt. Prior, Esq. with whom the Deane was intimately connected.

Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and Presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst,
When Fortune hither drove me first,
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons, names, nor places, knew :
But now I act as other folk,
Take pris'ners when their jail is broke.

If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art ;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-Park, and Stephen's-Green ;
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall ;
Nor want a passage thro' the palace,
To choke your sight and raise your malice.
The Deanry-house may well be match'd,
Under correction with the Thatch'd* ;
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for stum.
Then, for a middle-aged chamber
Sella may vie with your main charmer ;
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope ;
Corbett†, tho' yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot ;

* A famous tavern in St. James's-street, near the palace.

† Dr. Corbett, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the death of Dr. Maurusine, who succeeded Dr. Smith.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

I throw into the bargain Tim ;
 In London can you equal him ?
 What think you of my fat'ric clan,
 Robin and Jack*, and Jack and Dan ?
 Fellows of no less worth and parts,
 With cheartful looks and honest hearts.
 Can you on Dublin look with scorn ?
 Yet here were you and Ormond † born.
 Oh ! were but you and I so wise
 To see with Robert Grattan's eyes !
 Robin adores that spot of earth,
 That lit'ral spot, which gave him birth,
 And swears Belcamp ‡ is, to his taste,
 As fine as Hampton-Court at least.
 When to your friends you would enhance
 The praise of Italy or France,
 For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
 We gladly hear you, and submit :
 But then, to come and keep a clutter
 For this or that side of a gutter,
 To live in this or t'other isle,
 We cannot think it worth your while :
 For, take it kindly or amiss,
 The diff'rence but amounts to this,
 We bury on our side the Channel
 In linen §, and on your's in flannel :

Rev. Robert and John Grattan, brothers; John and Daniel Jackson.

† James Butler, the late Duke of Ormond.

‡ In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

§ In the year 1738, there was an Act of Parliament made in Ireland to bury in woollen.

You for the news are ne'er to seek,
 While we, perhaps, may wait a week :
 You happy folks are sure to meet
 An hundred whores in ev'ry street,
 While we may trace all Dublin o'er
 Before we find out half a score.
 You see my arguments are strong,
 I wonder you held out so long ;
 But since you are convinc'd at last,
 We'll pardon you for what is past.
 So let us now for what prepare ;
 Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

A PETITION

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

Non domus aut fundus—— HOR.

IT was, my Lord, the dext'rous shift
 Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
 But now St. Patrick's saucy Dean,
 With silver verge and surplice clean,
 Of Oxford or of Ormond's Grace,
 In looser rhyme to beg a place.
 A place he got, yclep'd a stall,
 And eke a thousand pounds wishal ;
 And, were he less a witty writer,
 He might as well have got a mitre.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your Grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave ;
Rejoicing that in better times,
Grafton* requires my loyal lines ;
Proud that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muse's friend,
Endear'd to Britain and to thee,
Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea ;
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares ;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill,
For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wand'ring head to rest ?
Where shall he find a decent house
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse ?
Oh, lack ! my Lord, some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure,
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers ;
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen ;
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force ;

* Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
 Nor shape the jews to antic figure ;
 A limpid brook shall trouts supply,
 In May to take the minnie fly ;
 Round a small orchard may it run,
 Whose apples redden to the sun ;
 I et all be snug, and warm, and neat,
 For fifty turn'd, a safe retreat ;
 A little Euston may it be,
 Euston I'll carve on ev'ry tree :
 But then, to keep it in repair,
 My Lord—twice fifty pounds a-year
 Will barely do ; but if your Grace
 Could make them hundreds—charming place
 Thou then woul'dst shew another face.

}

Clogher ! far north, my Lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy hills, inclement skies :
 One shivers with the Arctic wind,
 One hears the polar axis grind.
 Good John*, indeed, with beef and claret
 Makes the place warm, that one may bear it,
 He has a purse to keep a table,
 And eke a soul as hospitable.
 My heart is good ; but assets fail
 To fight with storms of snow and hail ;
 Besides, the country's thin of people,
 Who seldom meet but at the steeple ;

* Dr. John Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, predecessor to Dr. Swift,
 an Dean of St. Patrick's.

The ~~strolling~~ Dean, that's gone to Down,
 No'er ~~had~~ the thing without a frown;
 When much fatigu'd with sermon-study,
 He felt his brain grow dull and muddy,
 No fit companion could be found^a
 To push the lazy bottle round;
 Sure then, for want of better folks
 To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.

Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
 Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
 Where gilded chais and coaches throng,
 And jostle as they troll along;
 Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
 And grape-seed does in plenty grow,
 And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
 Exact at seven, 'Hot mutton pies!'
 There Lady Luna in her sphere
 Once shone, when Paunchforth was not near;
 But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
 Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
 There—but 'tis endless to write down
 All the amusements of the town;
 And spouse will think herself quite undone,
 To trudge to Connor* from sweet London:
 And care we must our wives to please,
 Or else we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
 'Tis only some convenient tack,

* Connor is united to the bishopric of Down, but here are two Deans.

Some pars'nage-house, with garden sweet,
 To be my late, my last retreat ;
 A decent church close by its side :
 There preaching, praying, to reside ;
 And as my time securely rolls,
 To save my own and others' souls.



HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed ! I read thy brilliant lines,
 Where wit in all its glory shines ;
 Where compliments, with all their pride,
 Are by their numbers dignify'd :
 I hope to make you yet as clean
 As that same, viz. St. Patrick's Dean :
 I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
 And, may be, something else withal ;
 And were you not so good a writer,
 I should present you with a mitre.
 Write worse then, if you can—be wise—
 Believe me 'tis the way to rise.
 Talk not of making of thy nest ;
 Ah ! never lay thy head to rest ;
 That head so well with wisdom fraught,
 That writes without the toil of thought :

While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your Dean'ry now repair,
And build a castle in the air ;
I'm sure a man of your fine sense—
Can do it with a small expense :
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether.
When Lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when she's in labour,
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft' falls in pieces.
There you shall see a raree-show
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the Milky way
As white as snow, as bright as day,
The glitt'ring constellations' roll
About the grinding æthereal pole ;
The lovely tingling in her ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain lecture ;
Nor shall she think that she's undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton pies ;
When you're advanc'd above Dean, *via*.
You'll never think of Goody Griz,
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, ~~and~~ strive your wife to please :

In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like stars, shall rise and set;
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon :
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S IN THE NORTH OF
IRELAND.

I.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—' Why, let him, if he will ;'
And so I bid Sir A——r write.

II.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected :
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

III.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
 Day succeeding after day,
 Says not a word of his departure,
 Tho' not a soul would have him stay.

IV.

I've said enough to make him blush,
 Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
 But he cares not for it a rush,
 Nor for my life will take the hint.

V.

But you, my Dear ! may let him know,
 In civil language, if he stays,
 How deep and foul the roads may grow,
 And that he may command the chaise.

VI.

Or you may say—' My wife intends,
 ' Tho' I should be exceeding proud,
 ' This winter to invite some friends:
 ' And, Sir, I know you hate a crowd.

VII.

' Or, Mr. Dean—I should with joy
 ' Beg you would here continue still,
 ' But we must go to Aghnacloy*,
 ' Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.'

* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.

VIII.

The house accounts are daily rising,
So much his stay doth swell the bills :
My dearest Life ! it is surprising
How much he eats, how much he swills.

IX.

His brace of puppies how they stuff !
And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough :
His horses, too, eat all our hay.

X.

Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle-brows and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause,

XI.

Must I be ev'ry moment chid
With Skinny Bonia, Snip, and Lean* ?
Oh ! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant Dean !

* The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

SONGS AND BALLADS*,

SUNG AT THE CLUB

AT MR. TAPIIN'S, THE SIGN OF THE DRAPIER'S
HEAD IN TRUCK-STREET.

-----Exegi monumentum aere perennius. HOR.,

SONG I.

I.

WITH brisk merry lays
We'll sing to the praise
Of that honest patriot the Drapier,
Who, all the world knows,
Confounded our foes
With nothing but pen, ink, and paper,

II.

A spirit divine
Ran thro' ev'ry line,

* Some of the following Songs are evidently not of the Dean's writing; but as they bear some relation to the patriotic disputes in which he successfully engaged, and as they have been printed both in the English and Irish editions of his Works, we have not thought proper to reject them.

And made all our hearts for to caper :
He sav'd us our goods,
And dumfounder'd Wood's ;
Then long life and health to the Drapier.

III.

We ne'er shall forget
His judgment or wit,
But life, you must know, is a vapour ;
In ages to come,
We well may presume,
They'll monuments raise to the Drapier.

IV.

When senators meet,
They'll surely think fit
To honour and praise the good Drapier ;
Nay, juries shall join,
And sheriffs combine,
To thank him in well-written paper.

V.

You men of the Comb,
Come, lay by your loom,
And go to the sign of the Drapier ;
To Taplin declare
You one and all are
Kind loving good friends to his Paper.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
All health to the Club and the Drapier,
Who merrily meet,
And sing in Truck-street,
In praise of the well-written paper.

SONG II.

I.

SINCE the Drapier's set up, and Wood is cry'd
down,
Let ballads be made by the bards of the town,
To thank the brave Drapier for what he has done,
Which no body can deny, brave boys! which no
body can deny.

II.

When a project to ruin this nation was laid,
To drain all our gold, and give brass in its stead,
The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on the head,
Which no body can deny, &c.

III.

His advice he address'd to men of all ranks,
Which timely supported our trade and our Banks,
And no doubt the next session he'll have public
Which nobody can deny, &c. [thanks,

IV.

But who could imagine that some men in place
 Were for bringing this Drapier to shame and disgrace,
 Because he had writ upon too nice a case?
 Which no body can deny, &c.

V.

That a J—— of this country should use all his skill
 To prevail on a J——y for finding a bill,
 And dissolve them because they thwarted his will?
 Which no body can deny, &c.

VI.

In vain all offers the Drapier to take,
 This kingdom ne'er cherish'd a poisonous snake,
 And informers are wretches all men will forsake,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

VII.

And for the good things he has brought to pass,
 We here for a sign have set up his face,
 And wish we could set up his statue in brass,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

VIII.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glass of the best,
 And let the King's health be drunk by each guest,
 Let it shine in his face and glow in his breast,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

IX.

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whose faithful report of our loyalty here
Has baffled our foes, and remov'd all our fear,
Which no body can deny, &c.

X.

The Protestant interest abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and those on the Comb,
Shall be pledg'd by all members in this Club and
Which no body can deny, &c. [room,

XI.

Make haste, honest Taplin ! and bring t'other pot,
The Drapier's good friends must not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a groat,
Which no body can deny, &c.

SONG III.

I.

Of a worthy Dublin Drapier
My purpose is to speak,
Who for no private interest,
But for his country's sake,
By virtuous honour led,
Egregious hazards ran;
And so he set his country free
Could more have undergone,

II.

Twice was he persecuted
By traitors to the state ;
And twice, by Virtue guarded,
He did their wiles defeat :
Seek all the world about,
And you will hardly find
A man for honour to excel
Our gallant Drapier's mind.

III.

For he was bred in Dublin,
The chief of men was he ;
From thence sent o'er to London,
A 'prentice for to be :
A banker near the court
Did like his service so,
That a warm farm in his own land
He did on him bestow.

IV.

When back again to Ireland
This worthy Drapier came,
He cast about most nobly,
To advance its wealth and fame ;
And had the simple natives
Observ'd his sage advice,
Their wealth and fame, some years ago,
Had reach'd above the skies.

V.

For oft he them admonish'd
To mind the draping trade,
And wear no manufactures
But what themselves had made ;
But whilst by thoughtless mortals
His schemes neglected lay,
Some foes unto their country's weal
His person would betray,

VI.

When thus her sons turn enemies,
What nation free can last ?
And now, to quite enslave us,
A champion over pass'd,
In copper armour clad,
A Wooden tool of might,
Who by his boast of power did
All Ireland affright.

VII.

With just disdain the Drapier
Beheld his brazen pride,
He could not bear with patience
How he our laws defy'd ;
Forgetting former wrongs,
Unto our aid he flew,
And, with resistless courage, he
This giant overthrew.

VIII.

But, oh ! the curst multitude
Of some ! (no matter where)
Let all their names in history
With infamy appear ;
For to reward his love,
In saving of their land,
They plotted to deliver him
Into the traitor's hand.

IX.

The Drapier at this treatment
Was not a whit dismay'd,
But for his country's safety,
More than his own, afraid ;
He bravely sent 'em word
He'd stand the brunt of all,
If they would but secure the land
From Wood's sad brazen thrall.

X.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
His trade and all expose,
To save the land from foreign
And from domestic foes ;
Who, their own turn to serve,
Most basely would agree,
To bring us in dependence,
Who are by nature free.

XI.

For he hath shewn most clearly
We can't be free by lawes,
And those to subjects subject
Can be no less than slaves.
As yet no acts we've made,
And grant we never may,
To give our brethren title
To their pretended sway.

XII.

Then with your constant praises
The Drapier's name adorn,
Whilst those who would betray him
Deserve the utmost scorn :
In honouring his worth
Let grateful friends be found,
And with his health, next to the King's,
Let glasses go all round.

SONG IV.

Now we're free by nature,
Let us all our power exert,
Since each human creature
May his right assert.

CHORUS.

Fill bumpers to the Drapier,
 Whose convincing paper
 Set us, gloriously,
 From brazen fetters free.

His warm zeal inspir'd us
 To withstand our country's fate,
 Whilst his writings fir'd us,
 Ere it was too late.
 Fill bumpers, &c.

A true Roman spirit
 Fir'd our mighty hero's breast:
 By him we inherit
 What can make us blest.
 Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus he, bright in story,
 Like great Nassau once before,
 Freed us all with glory,
 What could mortal more?
 Fill bumpers, &c.

All friends to the Drapier,
 Who revere his worthy name,
 In honour to his Paper,
 Sing his lasting fame.
 Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus, ye sons of Pleasure,
 Who at Taplin's weekly sung,
 In alternate measure
 Loudly let him ring.
 Fill bumpers, &c.

SONG V.

WHEN Wood had like to have taken root,
 And canker'd all the nation,
 The Drapier soon oppos'd his suit,
 And stemm'd his innovation.

As when by Winter's hoary chains
 The meadows are invol'd:
 When Phoebus shines upon the plains
 They're by his rays dissolv'd.

So when the Drapier did maintain
 Our cause, to whom we're debtors,
 The fire of his heroic vein
 Destroy'd our brazen fetters.

Our liberty by him's restor'd;
 Wood's foil'd by his own rapier;
 Nor owe we more to Nassau's sword
 Than to his pen and paper.

Amidst his foes, the hero (full—
Of rage) outbrav'd the danger;
And hence the brazen-footed bull
Was sent to rack and manger.

Toss off your bumpers, raise a song,
He ne'er shall be forgotten;
His name shall charm each list'ning throng,
When Wood is dead and rotten.

Let healths go round: cheer up, my boys!
And, whilst the spirit moves ye,
Devote the present time to joys—
And music, as behoves ye.

Here, honest Taplin! spare no man;
Go, fetch us t'other bottle!
We'll dance like Phœbus, sing like Pan,
And drink like Aristotle.

VI. A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

*Written at the Castle of Dublin in the Time of the Earl
of Berkeley's Government.*

I.

MY Lord, to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the Dealer out.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

II.

But then his Honour cry'd Gadzooks !
And seem'd to knit his brow ;
For on a knave he never looks
But he thinks upon Jack How.

III.

My Lady, tho' she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And weigh'd in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

IV.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
For pair-royals and sequents,
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The Castle seldom frequents.

V.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
' Ed won it on my word,
' If I had but a pair of aces,
' And could pick up a third.'

VI.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new-dye the lining.

VII.

‘ With these is Parson Swift,
 ‘ Not knowing how to spend his time,
 ‘ Does make a wretched shift
 ‘ To deafen them with puns and rhyme *.’

VII. BALLAD †.

To the Tune of the Cut-Purse,

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would need shew his talent in Latin,
 But was sorely put to it in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in;
 Then all in the place
 He left a void space,
 And so went to bed in a desperate case:
 When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the Author's room unfinished, underwrit the last stanza, and sent the paper where she had found it.

† Lady Betty Berkeley's railway gave occasion to this ballad, written by the Author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it. See the last verse of the preceding song.

CHORUS.

et censuring critics then think what they list on't;
 Who would not write verses with such an assistant?
 H.

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite
 That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the casement,
 And it needs must be one that could both read
 Yet he did not know [and write :
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :
 Howe'er, 't was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself,
 Let censuring, &c.

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand ;
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
 When he found a new help from invisible hand.
 Then, good Doctor Swift !
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own you were at a dead lift :
 And tho' some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot,
 Let censuring, &c.

VIII. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

BROGADOES and damasks, and tabbies and gauzes,
 Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
 With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
 Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
 Tho' a Printer and Dean
 Seditiously mean
 Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
 We'll buy English silks for our wives and our
 daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and jourueyman Waters.

II.

In England the dead in wpollen are clad,
 The Dean and his Printer then let us cry, Fie on;
 To be cloth'd like a carcase would make a Teague
 Since a living dog better is than a dead lion. [mad,
 Our wives they grow sullen
 At wearing of woollen,
 And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pulling

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatise, advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a pamphlet was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof, which was carried on with so much violence, that the then Lord Chief Justice, one Whitshed, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, till he sent them eleven times out of court, until he had wanted them into a special verdict.

Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire :
Therefore I assure ye
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book they were in a
great fury ;
They would buy English silks for their wives and
their daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor
linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly
'maul'd :
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean, {clean.
If the Printer will 'peach him he'll scarce come off
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and
our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

IX. WILL WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Being an excellent New Song.

*Supposed to be made and sung in the Streets of Dublin
by William Wood, Ironmonger and Halfpennymonger,
1725.*

I.

My dear Irish folks
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine.

II.

They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or Toss on the knife.

III.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A rot of wood ale for a farthing:

SONGS AND BALLADS.

Come, three pence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding*.

IV.

When tradesmen have gold
The thief will be bold
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

V.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes,
When his pockets are cram'd
With mine, and be d—'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

VI.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Tho' thousands are not worth a penny;
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries Chink,
You are grown plucky rich on a sudden.

Dr. Johnson's signature.

VII.

You will be my thanksers,
 I'll make you my bankers,
 As good as Ben Burton or Fade*
 For nothing shall pass
 But my pretty brass,
 And then you'll be all of a trade.

VIII.

I'm a son of a whore
 If I have a word more
 To say in this wretched condition;
 If my coin will not pass,
 I must die like an ass;
 And so I conclude my petition.

X. AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN†

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
 A blessing upon them! have sent us this year,
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean:

* Two famous bankers.

† Sawbridge, Dean of Furness.

A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a Rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her,
But she valu'd her honour much more than her life,
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The Dean he pursu'd, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares;
But the company stood in defence of the dame;
They cudgell'd and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
down stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a Rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the
grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no Rape.

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
 Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
 For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
 Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
 His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
 In ev'ry debauch but committing a Rape.

VI.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
 In church and in state was of principle sound;
 Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
 And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.
 Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape
 For no other crime but committing a Rape?

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
 Each priest had a concubine *jure ecclesie*;
 Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *Commendatory*?
 And precedents we can produce if it please ye.
 Then why should the Dean, when whores are so
 Be put to the peril and toil of a Rape? [cheep,

VIII.

If Fortune should please but to take such a crotchet,
 (I to thee I apply, great Smedley's successor,)
 To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre, and rochet,
 Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a
 guesser;

But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
For Sodomy hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

IX.

Ah ! dost thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at three score and ten ?
To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again. [ters,
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a great to atone for a Rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so
willing ;
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall ;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling,
But here was to pay the devil and' all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a Rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd it is their own choice ;
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men ?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil, no Dean could ravish 'em then ;
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a Rape.

* A Sp. of Waterford, sent from England 100 years ago.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
 For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad;
 She sends us our bishops, and judges, and deans,
 And better would give us if better she had.
 But, Lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
 When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a Rape!

 XI. A LOVE-SONG

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath you flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

IV.

Cynthia ! tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion ! string the lyre ;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers ;
Bright Apollo ! lead thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto ! King of terrors !
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mourful cypress ! verdant willow !
Gilding my Aurelia's brows :
Morpheus ! hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Here me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander, ,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

When Philomela drooping
Sits, seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to Fate.

XII. A LOVE-SONG.

Arud in is almi des ire,
 Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re ;
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His mi seri ne ver at restis.

XIII. THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW ;

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,*

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of Derry Down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
 And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
 How Bettsworth that booby, and scoundrel in
 grain,
 Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
 Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we ev'ry one know,
 But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow ?
 How greater's his merit at Four Courts or House,
 Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse ?
 Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple his morals do show
 But where his deep law is few mortals yet know :



SONGS AND BALLADS.

His rhet'rick, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts—but applause;
Has with noise and odd gestures been prating some
What honest folks neverdurst for their ears. [years,
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true:
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant's the same;
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they
Knock him down, &c. [came?

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
Naylor,
And Muggleton, Tolland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike, and it may be averr'd
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! we'll set on new
rates [at less;
On their tythes at half-nothing, their priesthood
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
 To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame ;
 When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
 By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
 The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin :
 He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar ;
 He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he
 swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Tho' he cring'd to his Deanship in very low strains,
 To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
 And slitting of noses and cropping of ears,
 While his own ass's zags were more fit for the
 shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of Deans, whene'er we can hit,
 We'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit ;
 We'll teach him some better address to afford
 To the Dean of all Deans, tho' he wears not a sword.

Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him thro' Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donsire,
 And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before ;
 We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
 greips,

A modus right fit for insatiers of Deans.

Knock him down, &c.

And when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be
friends:

But how? Why the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss without eyes, ears, or nose.

Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.

Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Tho' his soul he despises, he values his hide:
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.

Knock him down, down, down—keep him down.

XIV. DINGLEY * AND BRENT †.

A SONG.

To the Tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

I.

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,

* Dingley, Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

† Brent, a gentleman of wit and learning, who had written
some obscene terms upon Sheridan.

Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.

II.

Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And shew them his wit and his learning,
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

III.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest,
Comes Dingley, and asks you, What was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

XV. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG;

**BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR
AGAINST PEACE.**

AN orator Dismal of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,

Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
 Is come, *vi et armis*, to break the Queen's peace.
 He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to
 their sorrow,
 Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
 When once he begins he never will flinch,
 But repeats the same note a whole day like a finch.
 I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
 And, mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy.

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
 To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
 But, most noble Senators! 'tis a great shame
 There should be a peace while I'm *Not-in-game*.

The Duke shew'd me all his fine house; and the
 Duchess [clutches:
 From her closet brought out a full purse in her
 I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
 His Grace swore by G—d, and her Grace let a f—t:
 My, long old-fashion'd pocket was presently
 cramm'd,
 And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
 But some will cry Turcuar, and rip up old stories,
 How I always pretended to be for the Tories.
 I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
 Till all my relations were put into places;
 But still I'm in principle ever the same, [game.
 And will quit my best friends while I'm *Not-in-*

When I and some others subscribed our names
 To a plot for expelling my master King James,
 I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
 And so might discover or gain by the plot :
 I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
 For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
 I came in without danger, and was I to blame ?
 For rather than hang I would be *Not-in-game*.

I swore to the Queen that the Prince of H—er
 During her sacred life should never come over :
 I made use of a trope, that ‘ an heir to invite,
 ‘ Was like keeping her monument always in sight ;’
 But when I thought proper I alter’d my note,
 And in her own hearing I boldly did vote
 That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
 And must have an old or a young conjuter :
 For why, I would fain have put all in a flame,
 Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
 And I’ll vote against peace, with Spain, or without.
 Tho’ the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and
 And all my whole family places by dozens, [cousins,
 Yet since I know where a full purse may be found,
 And hardly pay eighteenpence tax in the pound ;
 Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
 And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
 I’ll speak against peace, while Disraeli’s my name,
 And be a true Whig while I’m *Not-in-game*.

XVI. DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLYSPELLIN *

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin.

II.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

III.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

IV.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

V.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose, or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

* A famous spa in the county of Kildare, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady, &c.

VI.

We men submit as they think fit,
 And here is no rebelling :
 The reason's plain ; the ladies reign,
 They're queens at Ballyspellin.

VII.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
 They have the way of quelling
 Such desperate foes as dare oppose
 Their power at Ballyspellin.

VIII.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
 I know, because I fell in
 A stream which came from one bright dame
 Who drank at Ballyspellin.

IX.

Fine beaux advance, equipp'd for dance,
 To bring their Ann or Nell in
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with Ballyspellin.

X.

No politicks, no subtle tricks,
 No man his country selling :
 We eat, we drink ; we never think
 Of these at Ballyspellin.

XI.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
 Do all come here pell-mell in ;
 And they are there to work their cure
 By drinking Ballyspellin.

XII.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
 From chin to toe though swelling;
 Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
 A cure at Ballyspellin.

XIII.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
 No sextons here are knelling:
 Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
 But live at Ballyspellin;

XIV.

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
 Which here are every belle in:
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
 We die at Ballyspellin.

XV.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
 Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
 Your ears, your touch, transported much
 Each day at Ballyspellin.

XVI.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
 No noisy dogs a-yelling;
 Except you wake for Calia's sake,
 All night at Ballyspellin.

XVII.

There all you see, both he and she,
 No lady keeps her call in;
 But all partake the mirth we make,
 Who drink at Ballyspellin.

XVIII.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in;
But, since I'm here to heav'n so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin !

XVII. DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER*.

I.

DARE you dispute, you sancy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

II.

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and scours your blood,
When drank at Ballyspellin.

III.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they want,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

* This Answer was suggested by Dr. Sheridan as an allusion on himself and the Duke of Richmond to the *Spe.*

IV.

Llewellyn why? as well may I
Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes
To bring in Ballyspellin.

V.

No subject fit to try your wit
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and Teagues
That met at Ballyspellin.

VI.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

VII.

Would I was whipt when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

VIII.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, what'er you bring,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

IX.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling,
Because he gets a few grisets
At lousy Ballyspellin.

X.

There's bonny Jane in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell Inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet
Round all your Ballyspellin ?

XI.

We have a girl deserves an earl,
She came from Enniskillin ;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

XII.

How would you stare to see her there
The foggy mist dispelling,
That cloud the brows of ev'ry blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin !

XIII.

Now as I live I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To toup and kiss the fairest miss
That leads at Ballyspellin.

XIV.

Who'er will raise such lies as these
 Deserves a good cudgelling;
 Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
 At dirty Ballyspellin.

XV.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
 Which is, our trees are felling;
 As proper quite as those you write,
 To force in Ballyspellin.

XVIII. PEACE AND DUNKIRK :

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SUR-
 RENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the Tune of "The King shall enjoy his own again."

I.

SPIRIT of Dutch friends, and English foes,
 Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
 Holland got towns, and we got blows;
 But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast;
 We have got it in a string,
 And the Whigs may all go *swinging*.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will or ought to end in ropes:
But the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double-dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin full of spleen
Made *false moves*, and lost his *queen*;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a Prince of high renown,
Swore he'd rather lose a *crown*,
Than the Queen should enjoy her own again.

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the Line,
And not be snapt by privateers;
And commoners who love good wine,
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions
We'll bring on us no more debts, [drain:
Nor will we interrupt *'til Genet's*;
And the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
 What signified the French to beat?
 We spent our money and our blood,
 To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
 But the Lord of Oxford swears,
 Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
 The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
 But true Englishmen may fill
 A good health to General Hill;
For the Queen now enjoys her own again.

XIX. A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
 Come listen with patience, and hear out my
 ditty:
 At this time I'll chuse to be wiser than witty.
 Which nobody can deny.

The Half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing,
 There's an end of your ploughing, and baking,
 and brewing:
 In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.
 Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and
tall men, [thread men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all
men. Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man ! by his pay;
His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink ; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two-pence, the Tapster
says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor Soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal foes;
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The Butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue stripe may give such a cuff as may
stagger. Which, &c.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

They themselves will be broke in a trice,
When their poor farthings are sunk in their
price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The Squire possess'd of twelve thousand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would
appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-
room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a
mouse; [souse.
But the Squire's too wise, he will not take a
Which, &c.

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters, and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his
trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mold.
Which, &c.

**The wisest of Lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure
on't. Which, &c.**

And I think, after all, it would be very strange
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange-
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise;
He shews us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his half-pence should come to weigh
down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.



SONGS AND BALLADS.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
 And a very good book against Mr. Wood's;
 If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
 Which, &c.

Ye shop-men, and trades-men, and farmers go
 read it, [need it;
 For I think in my soul at this time that you
 Or egad, if you den't, there's an end of your
 credit.
 Which nobody can deny.



A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

BRASIER, TINKER, HARDWAREMAN, COINER,
 FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

WHEN fees are o'ercome, we preserve them
 from slaughter,
 To be *Awers* of wood, and *drawers* of water.
 Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;
 Yet we all should rejoice to be *Awers of Wood*.
 I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
 That a rogue so *obscure* should make such a clutter:
 But ancient Philosophers wisely remark,
 That *old-rotten Wood* will shine in the *dark*.

The Heathens, we read, had Gods made of *Wood*,
 Who could do them no harm, if they did them
 no good :

But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil ; [*Devil*.
 Their Gods were of *Wood* ; but our *Wood* is the
 To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing ;
 And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
 Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good
 store,

Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
 (I forget in what church) an image of *Wood*.
 Concerning this image there went a prediction,
 It would burn a whole forest ; nor was it a fiction.
 'Twas cut into faggots, and put to the flame,
 To burn an old friar, one *Forest* by name.
 My tale is a wise one, if well understood :
 Find you but the *Friar* ; and I'll find the *Wood*.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt
 From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
 Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his speech ;
 And said, *By my shoul, he's the son of a BEECH*.
 Some call him a *Thorn*, the curse of the nation,
 As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the creation.
 Some think him cut out from the poisonous *Yew*,
 Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
 Some says he's a *Birch*, a thought very odd ;
 For none but a *dunce* would come under his rod.
 But I'll tell you the secret ; but pray do not blab ;
 He is an old stump cut out of a *Crab* ;

And England has put this *Crab* to a hard use,
 To ouzel our bowes, and for drink give us *veryjuice* ;
 And therefore his *witnesses* justly may boast,
 That none are more properly knights of the *Post*.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother ;
 I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
 A joiner, to fasten a saint in a *niche*,
 Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech ;
 But, finding the *statue* to make no complaint,
 He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *true saint*.
 When the *true Wood* arrives, as he soon will, no
 doubt,

(For that's but a sham *Wood* they carry about*)
 What *stuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
 If you make the same trial, and bore him *behind*.
 I'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *sum*,
 He'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.
 From me, I declare, you shall have no denial ;
 And there can be no harm in making a trial :
 And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
 You may show him about for a new *greasing-board*.

Hear one story more, and then I will stop :
 I dreamt *Wood* was told he should die by a *drop* ;
 So methought he resolv'd no liquor to taste,
 For fear the *first drop* might as well be his *last*.

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

But *dreams* are like oracles ; 'tis hard to explain
'em ; [hain ;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at * Kilmain-
I wak'd with delight ; and not without hope,
Very soon to see *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.
How he ! and how we, at each other should grin !
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft ! says the Herald ; I cannot agree ;
For *metal* on *metal* is false *Heraldry*.
Why, that may be true ; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
I'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

- **Their place of execution.**

RIDDLES.

I.
H.A PENth.

Is youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white;
 My person tall, and slender waist
 On either side with fringes grac'd,
 Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
 No wonder now I look so thin;
 The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
 My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd,
 At head and foot my body lopp'd,
 And then, with heart more hard than stone,
 He pick'd pry marrow from the bone.

Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the Author, used to entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance, copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The Author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement, although it is said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons for whom the Author had a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine,) because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.

To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak ;
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies :
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust :
From me no secret he can hide ;
I see his vanity and pride ;
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand ;
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line ;
The lawyer must forget his pleading,
The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay, man my master is my slave :
I give command to kill or save ;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate :
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word :
I die unpitied and forgot,
Am on some hunghill left to rot,

II.

ON GOLD.

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd !
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The fav'rite messenger of Jove,
And Iæmian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight :
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refuse to lend them fire.

III.

ANOTHER.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo ! here I stand with double face ;
Superior none on earth I find,
But see below me all mankind ;
Yet as it oft' attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.

At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look :
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.

I am a courtier in my way,
For those who rais'd me I betray ;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice,
Who punishment on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.

By riding post I lost my health,
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

ON THE POSTERIOBS.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely chuse to walk behind ;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, and spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence ;
Or if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd, .
And my oppression gives them rest.

Thro' me, tho' sore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instill,

By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat ;
For none, alas ! by me can gain,
But those who give the greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster ?
Yet, tho' I always have ~~my~~ will,
I'm but a mere depender still ;
An humble hanger-on at best,
Of whom all people make a jest.

In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind :
I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry,
And all I get I let it fly ;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I have,
Sometimes run out of all I have ;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win,
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led ;
I last get up, am first a-bed ;
Tho' if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime

Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.



V.

ON A HORN.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care,
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoever you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft' in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll shew the world strange things and true:
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide,

Nor oft' can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night ;
Conceal your form with various tricks,
And few know how or where to fix :
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast,
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain ?
But the sly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI.

ON A CORKSCREW.

Tho' I, alas ! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways :
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight,
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wond'rous art I show
Of raising spirits from below ;

In scarlet some, and some in white,
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright :
 In at each mouth the spirits pass,
 'Distinctly seen as thro' a glass,
 O'er head and body make a rout,
 And drive at last all secrets out,
 And still the more I show my art,
 The more they open ev'ry heart.

A greater chymist none than I,
 Who from materials hard and dry
 Have taught men to extract with skill
 More precious juice than from a still.

Altho' I'm often out of case,
 I'm not ashamed to shew my face.
 Tho' at the tables of the great
 I near the sideboard take my seat,
 Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one :
 He kindly bids me near him stand,
 And often takes me by the hand.

I twice a-day a hunting go,
 Nor ever fail to seize my foe,
 And when I have him by the pole,
 I drag him upwards from his hole,
 Tho' some are of so stubborn kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end,
 For I can break, but scorn to bend.

VIL.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS;

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man ! of all thy vain pursuits :
Take wise advice, and look behind ;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side !
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears !

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs :
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils ;
Here with an easy search we find
The foul corruptions of mankind ;
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors who their country sold.

This gulf insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes :
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw,
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.

Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some euter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth ;
For while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half ashamed and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart.

The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her off'rings here.

A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works ;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all off'rings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.

Deucalion to restore mankind
Was bid to throw the stones behind ;
So those who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another way ;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home ;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave,
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews ;

And, lo ! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls,
The food of worms, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die ;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies their consign'd to endless night ;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen,
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest ;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript ;
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn ;
But now dismember'd, here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft' the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of opposing winds,
And seeks to learn the secret cause
Which alien seems from Nature's laws ;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and south ;
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Thro' clefts oppugnant force a vent ;

Or whether, op'ning all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this mingled mass of things
In time a new creation springs :
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies ;
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes and men :
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

AH, Strephon ! how could you despise
Her who without thy pity dies ?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you ;
Fair issue of thy genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred ;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife ;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss
That oft' I wake thee with a kiss ?
Yet you of ev'ry kiss complain ;
Ah ! is not love a plessing pain ?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with ease and with delight ;

SIDSLIA.

**With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals, less than kings.**

**Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails,
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy:
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.**

**Consider, Strephon, what you do,
For should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, a num'rous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring,
From victors o'er the Memphian king,
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire:
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore;
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.**

IX.

ANOTHER.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
 Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind,
 And such is my prolific pow'r,
 They bloom in less than half an hour;
 Yet standers-by may plainly see
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round,
 And yet I firmly stand my ground.
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an Indian queen.
 No couple-beggar in the land
 Ere join'd such numbers hand in hand;
 I join them fairly with a ring,
 Nor can our parson blame the thing;
 And tho' no marriage-words are spoke,
 They part not till the ring is broke;
 Yet hypocrite fanaties cry,
 I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
 And once a weaver in ðuff tōwn,
 A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
 I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
 And then the jovial Cavaliers
 To their old post restor'd all three,
 I mean the church, the king, and me.

RIDDLES.

X.

ON THE MOON.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine ;
What you see is none of mine.
First I shew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Cartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain ;
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wond'rous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field ;
All figures heav'n and earth can yield :
Like Daphne, sometimes in a tree ;
Yet am not one of all you see.



XI.

ON A CANNON.

BEGETTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women and pleasure of boys ;

Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
 I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
 For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
 But all I delight in are pieces of lead,
 Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
 Why, then I make pieces of iron go down.
 One property more I would have you remark,
 No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
 The moment I get on my soul's all a-fire,
 I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.



XII.

ON THE GALLOWS.

There is a gate, we know full well,
 That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
 Where many for a passage venture,
 But very few are fond to enter ;
 Altho' 'tis open night and day,
 They for that reason shun this way :
 Both dukes and lords abhor its wood ;
 They can't come near it for the blood :
 What other way they take to go,
 Another time I'll let you know.
 Yet commoners, with greatest ease,
 Can find an entrance when they please.
 The poorest hither march in state,
 (Or they can never pass the gate.)

Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance ;
There's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

XIII.

ON SNOW.

FROM heav'n I fall, tho' from earth I begin
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
'Tho' candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to, insnare.
'Tho' so much of heav'n appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
'The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XIV.

ON A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out ;

Tho' hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

XV.

ON INK.

I.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
The son of Pitch and gloomy Night,
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead except I live in light.

II.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar,
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

III.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice ;
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the street,
And so apply'd to different use.

IV.

Most wond'rous is my magic pow'r ;
For with one colour I can paint ;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

V.

Thro' distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings,
And fairly shew a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings.

VI.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And shew were they can best confute.

VII.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats,
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very souls away.

XVI.

ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

XVII.

ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within ;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

XVIII.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind ;

Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark :
He's the register of all .
In our ken, both great and small ;
By us forms his laws and rule ;
He's our master, we his tools ;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine's bought or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Tho' ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

XIX.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

I.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Flourinda! dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the least love-surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams:
'There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

II.

The lilies of thy skin compare,
In me you see them full as white;
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight:
Then since I shew as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

III.

Ah, lovely nymph! thou'rt in thy prime,
And so am I whilst thou art here,
But soon will come the fatal time
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And your's to follow my direction.

IV.

When catch admirers while you may ;
 Treat not your lovers with disdain ;
 For time with beauty flies away,
 And there is no return again.
 To you the sad account I bring,
 Life's autumn has no second-spring.

XX.

ON AN ECHO.

NEVER speaking, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak,
 The delight of old and young,
 Tho' I speak without a tongue ;
 Naught but one thing can confound me,
 Many voices joining round me ;
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
 Like the labourers of Babel.
 Now I am a dog or cow,
 I can bark or I can low :
 I can bleat or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain ;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice.

Both are welcome, grief or joy;
 I with either sport and toy.
 Tho' a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out;
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex'd can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 'That the lowest voice I fear:
 Much I dread the courtier's fate
 When his merit's out of date;
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

XXI.

ANOTHER.

Most things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they're great and small;
 Invading foes, without resistance
 With ease I make to keep their distance.
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe
 Will come, tho' not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.

The greatest ~~willie~~ ^{willie} that swims the sea
 Does instantly my pow'r obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies ;
 The quickest ship I can surprise,
 And turn it as I have a mind,
 And move it against tide and wind :
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little span ;
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a giant ;
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magic gives no pain.

 XXII.

ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
 Arbiters of loss and gain ;
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone ;
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost :
 Tho' we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIII.

ON THE EYE.

A RIDDLE. BY DR. DELANY.

INSCRIBED TO THE LADY CANTRELL.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
'Tho' many and various, and large and sundry.
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Thro' a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things
more.

All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Tho' sometimes they say I bewitch and do harm.
Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror I'll shew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers, safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell
Tho' my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in you.

XXIV.

THE FOREGOING RIDDLE ANSWERED.

BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye
Your riddle I spy.
I observe your wicket,
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes
Is strained thro' glasses.
You say it is quiet;
I flatly deny it:
It wanders about,
Without stirring out;
No passion so weak
But gives it a tweak:
Love, joy, and devotion
See it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magic,
Which you say it can kill,
Or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound
And revive above ground.
After all you have writ
It cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from Apollo,
Its cowardice such,
It cries at a touch;

'Tis a perfect milk-sop,
Grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault,
It cannot bear salt ;
And a hair can disarm
It of every charm.



XXV.

A RIDDLE. BY DR. SWIFT.

TO MY LADY CARTERET.

FROM India's burning climate I'm brought,
With cooling gales by zephyrs fraught,
For Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can't shew more different hues than I ;
Nor can she change her form so fast ;
I'm now a ~~sail~~, and now a ~~mask~~.
I here am red, and there am green,
A ~~beggar~~ there, and here a queen.
I ~~sometimes~~ live in house of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am ~~that~~, if you can,
And find the rhyme—and your's the ~~mask~~.

XXVI.

ON A BEAU.

I'm wealthy and poor,
 I'm empty and full,
 I'm humble and proud,
 I'm witty and dull.

I'm foul, and yet fair ;
 I'm old, and yet young ;
 I lie with Moll K—r,
 And toast Mrs. —.

XXVII.

ANSWER. BY MR. F—R.

In rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor,
 He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits ;
 Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore ;
 He's a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits,

Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit ;
 He paints and perfumes, while he rots with the scab ;
 'Tis a Beau you may swear by his sense and his gait ;
 He boasts of a beauty, and lies with a drab.

XXVIII.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet every thing that you can name;
 In no place have I ever been,
 Yet every where I may be seen;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same—but ever new.
 Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear;
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost;
 All colours, without paint, put on,
 And change like theameleon.
 Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a chink lets in the air;
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone;
 All things on earth I imitate,
 Faster than nature can create;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggar's rags appear;
 A giant now, and strait an elf,
 I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
 I move my lips, but want a voice;
 I ne'er was born, ne'er can die;
 Then pr'ythee tell me what am I.

}

XXIX.

ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth;
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he.
I, a virtue strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dos'd with smoak, and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal;
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,

Often aiding to impart
 All the secrets of her heart.
 Various is my bulk and hue ;
 Big like Bess, and small like Sue ;
 Now brown and burnish'd as a nut,
 At other times a very slut ;
 Often fair, and soft, and tender,
 Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender ;
 Like Flora deck'd with various flowers,
 Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours :
 But, whatever be my dress,
 Greater be my size or less,
 Swelling be my shape or small,
 Like thyself I shine in all.
 Clouded if my face is seen,
 My complexion wan and green,
 Languid like a love-sick maid,
 Steel affords me present aid.
 Soon or late, my date is done,
 As my thread of life is spun ;
 Yet to cut the fatal thread
 Oft' revives my drooping head :
 Yet I perish in my prime,
 Seldom by the death of time ;
 Die like lovers as they gaze,
 Die for those I live to please ;
 Pine unpitied to my urn,
 Nor warm the fair for whom I burn ;
 Unpitied, unlamented too,
 Die like all that look on you.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of St. Anne's Church, in the Time of Divine Service, to wait on his Grace the D. of D—— on his Arrival.

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it?)
 kneel'd down,
 But when told the Lieutenant was just come to
 His station despising, unaw'd by the place, [town,
 He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
 To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
 Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

II.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRASHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

THE Thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
 The proverb says, No fence against a flail.

From thrashing corn he turns to thrash his brains,
 For which her Majesty allows him grains;
 Tho' 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
 His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
 Thrice happy Duck! employed in thrashing
 stubble;
 Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profit's double.

 III.

AN EPIGRAM

ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the shore
 First with the brazen cannons' roar;
 To meet him next the soldier comes,
 With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
 Approaching near the town, he hears
 The brazen bell salute his ears;
 But when Wood's brass began to sound,
 Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

 IV.

ANOTHER

ON THE D—E OF C—S.

J—s B—s was the Dean's familiar friend;
 James grows a Duke, their friendship here must
 Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke, {end,
 From knowing James to say he knows a Duke.

V.

AN EPIGRAM ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould :
 Lord ! how politely they can scold !
 While a coarse English tongue will itch,
 For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch,



VI.

AN EPIGRAM ON DIC.

DIC, heris agro at an da quarto finale,
 Fora ringat ure no san da stringat ure tale.



VII.

EPIGRAM

WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW IN AN INN.

We fly from luxury and wealth,
 To hardships in pursuit of health ;
 From gen'rous wines and costly fare,
 And dozing in an easy chair ;

Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And ev'ry where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in ev'ry face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet;
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

VIII.

ANOTHER.

THE glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
It darkens reason's light.

IX.

ANOTHER.

WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS
NO WRITING BEFORE.

THANKS to my stars I once can see
A window here from scribbling free;
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
No party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

X.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is so sour
'Twill give you a scour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale:
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

XI.

ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

XII.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I'm come,
Above two hundred miles from home,
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains,
Only your godship to implore,
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
Whilst you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

XIII.

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble, [rabble;
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice, [sing,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warn-
That hesent to all three'n challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

XIV.

AN INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR.
SWIFT'S MONUMENT,

Designed by Cunningham, on College-Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name—
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.
June 4, 1765.



XV.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms con-
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend. [tend,
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny,
That loss Iernin's laurel shall supply; [bread;
Thro' life's low vale she, grateful, gave him
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead. B.N.

XVI.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH*.

Who can believe, with common sense,
 A bacon-slice gives God offence?
 Or how a herring hath a charm
 Almighty vengeance to disarm?
 Wrapt up in majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine?

XVII.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails,
 For nothing's left in either of the scales.

XVIII.

EPIGRAM, EXTEMPORE,

BY DR. SWIFT †.

On Britain Europe's safety lies;
 Britain is lost if Harley dies:
 Harley depends upon your skill;
 Think what you save, or what you kill.

* Written extempore, by a Gentleman who was reproved by some of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a fast day.

† Inscribed to the physician who attended Mr. Harley whilst he lay wounded, see *Journal to Stella*, Feb. 19, 1711-12. N.

To the God he'd be grateful ; but mortals he'd
 choose,
 By making his patron preside in his house;
 And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
 That the God would in honour bear most of th'
 expense : [to treat
 So the bard he finds drunk, and leaves Phœbus
 With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
 Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
 Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer
 wine.

 XXI.

 ON ONE OF THE
 WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his self,
 Built a house he was sure would hold none but
 himself.
 This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
 And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
 " Some foe to my empire has been his adviser :
 " 'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns
 miser ! [of mine,
 " Tell him, Hermes ! from me, tell that subject
 " I have sworn by the Styx, to defeat his design ;
 " For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign ;
 " And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous
 train."

XXII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732

* Sic aip̄ instantur Decu.

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
 How are these venerable bustoes grac'd !
 O Queen ! with more than regal title crown'd,
 For love of arts and piety renown'd !
 How do the friends of virtue joy to see
 Her darling sons exalted thus by thee !
 Nought to their fame can now be added more,
 Revel'd by her whom all mankind adore.

XXIII.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
 And rais'd the scientific head :
 Our frugal Queen, to save her meat,
 Exalts the head that cannot eat.

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston.

XXIV.

A CONCLUSION

DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS, AND
SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Fre her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust;
I wonder, good man! that you are not envaulted;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

XXV.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

H^{ER} majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

XXVI.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Randle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential hump.

Pixir rump! thou hadst been better sped,
 Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
 A head, so weighty and profound,
 Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

XXVII

EPIGRAM*.

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen!
 When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
 We build a magazine.

XXVIII.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL
 FOR IDEOTS AND LUNATICS.

I.

THE Dean must die—our ideots to maintain,
 Perish, ye ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city."—"Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets—memory, put down that!" Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. N.

II.

O Genus of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great !
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well !
Satire may be the child of spite,
And Fame might bid the Drapier write :
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways ;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask !

III.

Lo ! Swift to ideots bequeaths his store :
Be wise, ye rich !—consider thus the poor !

XXIX.

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

Poor ladies ! though their business be to play,
Tis hard they must be busy night and day :

Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can see no cause),
The men should slave at cards from morn to night,
And female pleasures be to read and write.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I. AN ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE
ALMANAC-MAKER.

WELL, 'tis as Bickerstaff has guest,
Tho' we all took it for a jest :
Partridge is dead : nay, more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky !
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse !
No meteor, no eclipse, appear'd !
No comet with a flaming beard !
The sun has rose and gone to bed
Just as if Partridge were not dead,
Nor hid himself behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon :
He at fit periods walks thro' Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies,
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology ;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

Alas! the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes,
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them ;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays,
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis ;
But Partridge ended all disputes ;
He knew his trade, and call'd it Boots.

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing horns,
Shews how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.

A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refinement in barometry,)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather ;
And what is parchment else but leather ?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacks or shoes.

Thus Partridge by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts :
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light ;

So learned Partridge could as well
 Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
 And in his fancy fly as far,
 To peep upon a twinkling star.
 Besides, he could confound the spheres
 And set the planets by the ears.
 To shew his skill, he Mars could join
 To Venus in aspect malign,
 Then call in Mercury for aid,
 And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
 When Philip King of Greece was dead,
 His soul and spirit did divide,
 And each part took a diff'rent side;
 One rose a star, the other fell
 Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
 The cobbling and star-gazing part,
 And is install'd as good a star
 As any of the Cæsars are.
 Triumphant star! some pity show,
 On cobblers militant below,
 Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
 Torment by pissing out their lights;
 Or thro' a chink convey their smoke,
 Inclos'd artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
 May'st follow still thy calling there:
 To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
 By Phoebus newly taun'd and dry'd;

ELIGES AND EPITAPHS.

For thee they Argo's hulk will wax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring knife:
For want of room by Virgo's side
She'll strain a point and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between,
And then the sigus will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HIRT, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does to his best look upwards still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could when above.

II. AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. DEMAR,
THE FAMOUS RICH USURER,

Who died the 6th of July 1720 *

Written in the Year 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms:
So to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble
And under hand and seal the Irish nation [debtors;
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

* This Elegy was a subject started, and partly executed, in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint, and Stella's were the 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Howkes.*

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his int'rest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh, London Tavern*; thou hast lost a friend,
 Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
 He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize;
 But as his gold he weigh'd, grim death in spite
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light:

And as he saw his darling money fail,
 Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
 If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow:
 Alas! the sexton is thy banker now.
 A dismal banker must that banker be
 Who gives no bills but of mortality.

THE EPITAPH.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcase in a chest,

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

The very chest in which, they say,
 His other self, his money, lay;
 And if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.



III. A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
 Of old age too, and in his bed!
 And could that mighty warrior fall!
 And so inglorious, after all!
 Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trumpet must wake him now;
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the newspapers we're told?
 Three score, I think, is pretty high;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die.
 This world he cumber'd long enough;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason some folks think,
 He left behind so great a st—k.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,

Went at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.
 But what of that? his friends may say,
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither all ye empty things,
 Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings,
 Who float upon the tide of state,
 Come hither, and behold your fate!
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke
 How very mean a thing's a duke;
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

IV. AN EPITAPH

ON GENERAL GORGES AND LADY MEATH.

I.

UNDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly;
 Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy,
 For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

II.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear,
 But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year,
 A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

III.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms
 crost,
Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

IV.

Thus loaded with grief Dick sigh'd and he cry'd;
'To live without both full three days he try'd,
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

V.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after;
Then, Reader, pray shed some tears of salt water.
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

VI.

M—th smiles for the jointure, tho' gotten so late,
The son laughs that got the hard-gotten estate,
And Cuff* grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

VII.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

* General G——s's son-in-law.

V. A QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON THE WORSHIPFUL JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the Year 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
 Since cruel fate hath sunk our Justice Boat.
 Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press?
 His lading little, and his ballast less,
 Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
 At length his anchor fix'd and canvas furl'd,
 To Lucy-hill * retiring from his court,
 At his King's-end he founders in the port:
 With water fill'd†, he could no longer float,
 The common death of many a stronger Boat.

A post so fill'd on nature's laws intrenches;
 Benches on Boats are plac'd, not Boats on benches:
 And yet our Boat, how shall I reconcile it?
 Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot:
 With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack,
 Had many pendants but abhorr'd a Jack‡.
 He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope,
 That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
 He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that:

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsey.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Yet when his sand was out, we find, at last,
 That Death has overset him with a blast.
 Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
 There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
 Charon in him will ferry souls to hell,
 A trade our Boat * hath practis'd here so well;
 And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
 Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
 Yet, spite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
 We may place Boat in his old post again.
 The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks:
 Take the three strongest of his broken plarks,
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green †,
 And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
 We'll cry, ' Look ! here's our Boat, and there's
 the pendent.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
 Pray, gentle folks! forbear your scoffing.
 A Boat, a judge ! yes; where's the blunder?
 A wooden judge is no such wonder:
 And in his robes, you must agree,
 No Boat was better deck'd than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
 In short he was an able sculler.

* In hanging people as a judge.

† Where the Dublin gallows stand.

VI. EPITAPH

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
 Men call him Dicky Pease ;
 His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
 When wit and mirth were scarce,

Poor Dick, alas ! is dead and gone,
 What signifies to cry ?
 Dickys enough are still behind,
 To laugh at by and bye.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

VII. AN EPITAPH

*To the Memory of Frederick Duke of Schomberg,
 who was unhappily killed in crossing the River
 Boyne, on the first day of July 1690, and was
 buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the
 Dean and Chapter erected a small Monument to
 his Honour at their own Expense.*

Hic infra situm est corpus
 FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
 Ad Bubiundam occisi, A. D. 1690.
 Decanus et capitulum maximopere
 Etiam atque etiam petierunt,

Ut heredes Ducis monumentum
 In memoriam parentis erigendum curarent :
 Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
 Diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere ;
 Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
 Saltem * ut scias, hospes,
 Ubinam terrarum Sconbergenses cineres deli-
 tescunt.
 Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
 Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.
 A. D. 1731.

VIII. EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY
 CHURCH.

H. S. E.

Carolus Comes de Berkeley, Vicecomes Dunley,
 Baro Berkeley, de Berkeley Cast. Mowbray, Segrave,
 Et Bruce, e Nobilissimo ordine Balnei Eques,
 Vir ad genus quod spectat & Proavos usquequaque Nobilis,
 Et longo, si quis alius Procerum stemmate editus,
 Munis etiam tam illustri stirpi dignis insignitus.
 Siquidem a Gulielmo III^o ad ordines federati Belgii
 Ablegatus & Plenipotentiarius Extraordinarius

* The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the Epitaph with were, *Saltem ut scias, viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineris delitescunt* : for the author was always heard to speak with great reverence of the memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious master King William ; and indeed of all others who have struggled for the liberties of these kingdoms against the repeated attempts of arbitrary power.

Rebus, non Britannia tantum, sed totius fere Europa
 (Tunc temporis praesertim arduis, per annos V. incubant,
 Quam felici et diligentia, fide quam intemerata,
 Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstitie Patre,
 In Magnatum ordinem adiacere meruerit.
 Fuit a sanctioribus consiliis & Regi Guliel. & Annæ Reginae,
 Et Proregibus Hiberniæ secundus,
 Comitatum Civitatumque Glocest. & Brieg. Dominus Locum-
 tenens,
 Burræ & Glocest. Cu-tos Rot. Urbis Glocest. magnus
 Senescallus, Artis sancti de Briavell Castellanus,
 Guardianus Forestar. de Dean.
 Denique ad Turcarum primum, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorem
 Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus esset,
 Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
 Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo.
 Sed restat adhuc, præ quo sordescunt cætera,
 Honos verus, stabilis, et vel morti cedere nescius,
 Quod veritatem Evangelicam serio amplexus,
 Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
 Adversus omnes æquus & benevolus,
 In Christo jam placide obdormit
 Cum eodem olim regnaturus una
 Natus VIII^o April. MDCXLIX; denatus
 XXIV^o Septem. MDCCX, ætat. suæ LXII.

POEMS BY STELLA.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1721

SR Patrick's Dean ! your country's pride,
My early and my only guide;
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains ;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you

When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care,
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes,
Show'd where my judgment was misplac'd,
Refin'd my fancy and my taste

Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid
I look by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain :
Short was her part upon the stage ;
Went smoothly on for half a page ;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part :

She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella, to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives me not the spleen;
The idol now of every fool,
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down Time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause;
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.

Long be the day that gave you birth,
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth !
 Late dying may you cast a shred
 Of your rich mantle o'er my head ;
 To bear with dignity my sorrow,
 One day alone, then ~~die to-morrow~~ !

VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celestial Powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care ;
 Then, in return, I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious Time takes from my face,
 Bestow upon my mind !

JEALOUSY.

BY THE SAME.

O SHIELD me from his rage, celestial Powers ;
 This tyrant, that embitters all my hours !
 Ah, Love ! you've poorly play'd the hero's part ;
 You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
 When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
 I thought this monster banish'd from your train :
 But you would raise him to support your throne,
 And now he claims your empire as his own.
 Or tell me, tyrants ! have you both agreed,
 That where one reigns, the other shall succeed ?

POEMS TO STELLA.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
 (We shan't dispute a year or more.)
 However, Stella, be not troubled ;
 Altho' thy size and years are doubled,
 Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
 The brightest virgin on the green,
 So little is thy form declin'd,
 Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh! would it please the gods to split
 Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit,
 No age could furnish out a pair
 Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair,
 With half the lustre of your eyes,
 With half your wit, your years, and size:
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle fate
 (That either nymph might have her swain)
 To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where'er they see the fairest sign,
 And if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel-Inn to ev'ry friend.
 What tho' the painting grows decay'd ?
 The house will never lose its trade ;
 Nay, tho' the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
 As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true Old Angel-Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact ;
 An Angel's face a little crack'd ;
 (Could poets, or could painters fix
 How angels look at thirty-six :)
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an angel's mind,
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See at her levee crowding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
 And puts them but to small expense ;

Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face,
Or stop and light at Chloe's Head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows ;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth for which your soul should grieve,
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face,
Tho' you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature, bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS.

Written in the year 1720.

As when a lofty pile is rais'd,
 We never hear the workmen prais'd
 Who bring the lime or place the stones,
 But all admire Inigo Jones ;
 So if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
 Should be approv'd in after-times,
 If it both pleases and endures,
 The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young
 When first for thee my harp I strung :
 Without one word of Cupid's darts,
 Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts ;
 With friendship and esteem possess'd,
 I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
 The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
 Variety we still pursue,
 In pleasure seek for something new ;
 Or else, comparing with the rest,
 Take comfort that our own is best ;
 The best we value by the worst,
 (As tradesmen shew their trash at first,)
 But his pursuits are at an end
 Whom Stella chuses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes :
Should but his Muse, descending, drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop,
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout,
Or patch his broken stocking-socks,
Or send him in a peck of coals,
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind,
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or should a porter make inquiries,
For Chloë, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine,
Fair Chloë would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground,
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks,
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks,
And radiant Iris in the pox.

These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's Collection new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em
If they should meet them in a poem.

'True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise ;

They are not scurrilous in satire,
 Nor will in panegyric flatter
 Unjustly poets we asperse ;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse ;
 And all the fictions they pursue
 Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
 To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
 What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
 They could not be insur'd an hour :
 'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
 That must our expectation mock,
 And, making one luxuriant shoot,
 Die the next year for want of root :
 Before I could my verses bring,
 Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his scull ●
 To celebrate some suburb trull,
 His similies in order set,
 And ev'ry crambo he could get,
 Had gone thro' all the common places
 Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces,
 Before he could his poem close
 The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend ;
 They on no accident depend :
 Let Malice look with all her eyes,
 She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a bribe,

Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
Will here expose your weaker side.
Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Shew'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To shew you where the error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence:
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right:
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; But see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind,
And may compare to *Ætna's* fire,
Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From *Phœbus'* rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.
Yet when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,

I grieve those spirits should be spent,
 For nobler ends by Nature meant.
 One passion with a different turn
 Makes wit inflame or anger burn ;
 So the sun's heat, with diff'rent pow'rs,
 Ripens the grape, the liquor sours.
 Thus Ajax, when with rage possest,
 By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
 His valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd Troy,
 But, blinded by resentment, seeks
 For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
 From stagnating preserves the flood,
 Which thus fermenting, by degrees
 Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella ! for once you reason wrong ;
 For should this ferment last too long,
 By time subsiding, you may find
 Nothing but acid left behind :
 From passion you may then be freed,
 When pcevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, Stella ! when you copy next,
 Will you keep strictly to the text ?
 Dare you let these reproaches stand,
 And to your failings set your hand ?
 Or if these lines your anger fire,
 Shall they in baser flames expire ?
 Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
 They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Written anno 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
 The Muse her annual tribute pays,
 While I assign myself a task
 Which you expect, but scorn to ask ;
 If I perform this task with pain,
 Let me of partial Fate complain ;
 You ev'ry year the debt enlarge,
 I grow less equal to the charge :
 In you each virtue brighter shines,
 But my poetic vein declines ;
 My harp will soon in vain be strung,
 And all your virtues left unsung,
 For none among the upstart race
 Of poets dare assume my place ;
 Your worth will be to them unknown,
 They must have Stellas of their own ;
 And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
 I dying, leave the debt unpaid,
 Unless Delany, as my heir,
 Will answer for the whole arrears.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mœstum lingua, lætumque revises
Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditor alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1722,

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING
THAT DAY DUG UP.

RESOLV'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think;
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled;

Or if, with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme ;
 And, what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.

Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine ;
 I told him what the world would say
 If Stella were unsung to-day ;
 How I should hide my head for shame
 When both the Jacks and Robin came ;
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
 How Sh——n, the rogue, would sneer,
 And swear it would not always follow
 That *semel in anno ridet Apollo* ;
 I have assur'd them twenty times
 That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes ;
 Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
 And he and I were hand and glove ;
 But finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic license ;
 And when I brag of aid divine,
 Think Eusden's right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake ;
 'Tis my own credit lies at stake ;
 And Stella will be sung, while I
 Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
 Return'd this answer to a tittle ;

' Tho' you should live like old Methusalem,
 ' I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
 ' You yearly sing as she grows old,
 ' You'd leave her virtues half untold :
 ' But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
 ' Thro' the whole set of Irish Deans,
 ' I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
 ' Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
 ' That, let what Dean soever come,
 ' My orders are, I'm not at home ;
 ' And if your voice had not been loud,
 ' You must have pass'd among the crowd.
 ' But now, your danger to prevent,
 ' You must apply to Mrs. Brent ;
 ' For she, as priestess, knows the rites
 ' Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
 ' ~~First~~ ^{First}, nine ways looking, let her stand
 ' With an old poker in her hand ;
 ' Let her describe a circle round
 ' In Saunders' cellar on the ground ;
 ' A spade let prudent Archy hold,
 ' And with discretion dig the mould ;
 ' Let Stella look with watchful eye,
 ' Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
 ' Behold the bottle, where it lies
 ' With neck elated tow'rd's the skies !
 ' The god of winds and god of fire
 ' Did to its wondrous birth conspire,
 ' And Bacchus, for the poet's use,
 ' Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.

' See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
 ' It drags behind a spacious womb,
 ' And in the spacious womb contains
 ' A sov'reign med'cine for the brains.
 ' You'll find it soon if Fate consents :
 ' If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
 ' Ten thousand Archy's arm'd with spades,
 ' May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
 ' From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
 ' And boldly then invoke the Muse ;
 ' (But first let Robert, on his knees,
 ' With caution drain it from the lees,)
 ' The Muse will at your call appear,
 ' With Stella's praise to crown the year.'

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ. EIGHT MILES
 FROM DUBLIN.

Written in the year 1723.

-----Cui cunque nocere volebat
 Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

DON Carlos, in a merry spite,
 Did Stella to his house invite ;
 He entertain'd her half a year
 With gen'rous wines and costly cheer,

Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector :
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price :
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits ;
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn ;
A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
Dear Madam ! try this pigeon's leg ;
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Thro' candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that ev'ry glass was fine.
At last grown prouder than the devil,
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter-sky began to frown,
Poor Stella must pack off to town ;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin ;
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sossing in an easy chair ;
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding ;
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley ;

From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
 To half a joint, and God be thanked ;
 From, ev'ry meal, portack in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty ;
 From Ford attending at her call,
 To visits of ————— ;
 From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the Dean ;
 From growing richer with good cheer,
 To running-out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day,
 She must return to Ormond-quay.
 The coachman stopt, she look'd, and swore
 The rascal had mistook the door.
 At coming in you saw her stoop ;
 The entry brush'd against her hoop.
 Each moment rising in her air,
 She curs'd the narrow winding stairs ;
 Began a thousand faults to spy :
 The cieling hardly six feet high ;
 The smutty wainscot full of cracks,
 And half the chairs with broken backs :
 Her quarter's out at Lady-day,
 She vows she will no longer stay
 In lodgings, like a poor grizette,
 While there are lodgings to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
 She sent for company to sup ;
 When all the while you might remark
 She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.

Two bottles call'd for (half her store,
The cupboard would contain but four),
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on,
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest; tho' now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence
Where truth has not the least pretence,
Nor can be in re securely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little;
Your table neat, your linen fine,
And, tho' in miniature, you shine;
Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case;
The virtue lies not in the place;
For tho' my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

TO STELLA.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, BUT NOT
ON THE SUBJECT, WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED.

MARCH 13, 1733-4.

TORMENTED with incessant^d pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day;
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light;
Ungrateful, since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave,
And when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in ev'ry word I speak,
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Altho' 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I,
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When among scholars can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.

Her firmness who could e'er have known,
 Had she not evils of her own?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friends been in distress?
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, dear Stella! still be kind.
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
 Tho' I continue still a brute.
 But when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again:
 Mean-time your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends:
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.

STELLA'S BIRTH DAY. 1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
 We say she's past her dancing-days,
 So poets lose their feet by time,
 And can no longer dance in rhyme.
 Your annual bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your birth in prose;
 Yet merry folks, who want by chance
 A pair to make a country-dance,
 Call the old housekeeper, and get her
 To fill a place for want of better.

While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !
Have always been confin'd to youth ;
The god of Wit, and Beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you ?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me ?
Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes ;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose ;
But I'll be still your friend in prose :
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress,
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.

But, Stella ! say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young ?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ?
That half your locks are turn'd to grey ?
—I'll ne'er believe a word they say.

'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown,
 For Nature, always in the right,
 To your decays adapts my sight,
 And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
 And till I see them with these eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lies.
 No length of time can make you quit
 Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
 Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better hear than see.
 Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her spight,
 To make me deaf, and mend my sight.

STELLA'S BIRTH DAY.

MARCH 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with joy by me:
 This day, then, let us not be told
 That you are sick and I grown old,
 Nor think on our approaching ills,
 And talk of spectacles and pills:
 To-morrow will be time enough
 To hear such mortifying stuff.
 Yet since from reason may be brought
 A better and more pleasing thought,

Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Altho' we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore,
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain,
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes;)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine thro' life's declining part.

Say, Stella! feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave,
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?

So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your gen'rous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glitt'ring dress ;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain ;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly and leave no marks behind ?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago ?
And had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have dy'd.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain ?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continu'd by the last ?
Then who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end ?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,

Your former actions claim their part,
 And join to fortify your heart:
 For Virtue in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face,
 Looks back with joy where she has gone,
 And therefore goes with courage on:
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends;
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your sufferings share,
 Or give my scrap of life to you,
 And think it far beneath your due;
 You, to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so.

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS, OCTOBER 1737.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
 Was more than for her sex was fit,
 And that her beauty, soon or late,
 Might breed confusion in the state,
 In high concern for human-kind,
 Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

But (not in wrangling to engage
With such a vicious stupid age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith, in things divine. .
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And (scholars teach) the soul informs ;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake,
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet,
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation,
Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd,
All passions must be laid aside ;

POEMS TO STELLA

no advice, but think alone,
 Suppose the question not your own
 Shall I act? is not the case—
 But how would Brutus in my place?
 In such a cause would Cato bleed?
 And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
 Else you relapse to human-kind,
 Ambition, avarice, and lust,
 And fictitious rage, and breach of trust,
 And flattery tipt with nauseous fear,
 And guilty shame, and servile fear,
 Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
 Will in your tainted heart prede.

Heroes and Heroines of old
 By honour only were enroll'd
 Among their brethren in the skies,
 To which (tho' late) shall Stella rise.
 Ten thousand oaths upon record
 Are not so sacred as her word,
 The world shall in its atoms end
 Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
 By honour seated in her breast,
 She still determines what is best.
 What indignation in her mind
 Against enslavers of mankind!
 Base kings and ministers of state
 Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that Nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to man alone confin'd.

POEMS TO STELLA.

Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florinel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start,
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white;
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold-water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, tho' her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud,
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet thro' ev'ry motion steals.

Say, Stella! was Prometheus blind,
And forming you, mistook your kind?
No: 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the noble flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride?

When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains,
 Then Stella run to my relief
 With cheerful face, and inward grief;
 And, tho' by Heav'n's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require
 From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With Vigour and delight perform'd.
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes;
 Now, with a soft and silent tread,
 Unheard, she moves about my bed:
 I see her taste each nauseous draught;
 And so obligingly am caught:
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends! beware;
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grass or hay
 Appears from Michaelmas to May,
 Must let their cattle range in vain
 For food along the barren plain :
 Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone,
 Expos'd to want, and wind and weather,
 They just keep life and soul together,
 Till summer show'rs and evening's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew ;
 And as the vegetables rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies :
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh,
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh,
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from Medea's kettle,
 With youth and beauty to enchant
 Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella ! should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow ?

*Tis ~~but~~ the case; for you have fasted
So long till all your flesh is wasted,
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca Down* to graze,
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy blood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood;
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever understood
By human-kind but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you,
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen coming summer's grass;
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o'Quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
'To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;

* Dr. Sheridan's house, forty miles from Dublin.

For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squires, in scorn, will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

IMITATIONS.

THE DESCRIPTION
OF
A SALAMANDER,
OUT OF PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Lib. x. c. 67. and Lib. xxix. c. 4.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1706.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar;
As pyes and daws are often styl'd
With Christian nicknames like a child;
As we say Monsieur to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their nature suit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To shew their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by fame
Besides the getting of a name?

But e'er since men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs.
To paint a hero we inquire
For something that will conquer fire.
Would you describe Turenne or Trump,
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are these too low, then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train,
But loathsome spots his hody stain;
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air, and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why, then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander !

Farther, we are by Pliny told
This serpent is extremely cold ;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire ;
Besides it spues a filthy froth
(Whether true rage, or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happ'ning on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame :
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the Salamander's spue ;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a Salamander.

A DESCRIPTION
OF
A CITY-SHOWER.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS

Written in the Year 1712.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage: *ny*
Saunt'ring in coffee-house is Dul-man seen,
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Mean-while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling show'r is born aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen
Flirt on you from her nap, but not so clean:

You fly, invoke the gods, then turning, stop
 To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And waisted with its foe by vi'lent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poor seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain,
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the dragged females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, but seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides,
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits,
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds, he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
 (Those bully Greeks, who, as the Moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen run them through,)

Lancon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go :
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell [smell ;
What street they sail'd from by their sight and
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St.'Pulchre's shape their courses,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweeping from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and
blood, [in mud,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
the flood.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

IMITATED.

AND ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast,)
Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.

The priest was pretty well in case,
 And show'd some humour in his face ;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen ;
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat,)
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
 And bid Friend Lewis go in quest,
 (This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour,)
 In quest who might this parson be,
 What was his name, of what degree,
 If possible to learn his story,
 And whether he were Whig or Tory.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes ;
 And quickly did the matter sift,
 Found out that it was Dr. Swift,
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat,
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care by times to run him down :
 No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but owed no man a groat :
 In state opinions *à la mode*,
 He hated Wharton like a toad,

Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the junto round ;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ :
 His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet :
 Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
 Did very much his genius cramp ;
 And since he could not spend his fire,
 He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, I desire to know
 From his own mouth if this be so ;
 Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day.
 Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my lord had sent,
 So never offer'd once to stir,
 But coldly said, ' Your servant, Sir !'
 " Does he refuse me ?" Harley cry'd :
 ' He does, with insolence and pride.'
 Some few days after Harley spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out ;
 He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
 Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
 Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse ;
 He never meant the least abuse—

" My Lord—the honour you design'd—
 ' Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
 ' I'm sure I never should neglect—
 ' No man alive has more respect—'
 " Well, I shall think of that no more,
 " If you'll be sure to come at four."

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons,
 Displays his talent, sits till ten ;
 Next day invited comes again ;
 Soon grows domestic ; seldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals ;
 Came early, and departed late ;
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
 My Lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor takes his guest.
 Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a canon there,
 In summer round the Park to ride,
 In winter never to reside.

' A Canon ! that's a place too mean ;
 ' No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean ;
 ' Two dozen canons round your stall,
 ' And you the tyrant o'er them all :
 ' You need but cross the Irish seas,
 ' To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.'
 Poor Swift departs ; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse ;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues,
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a Dean complete,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat ;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side ;
 Suppose him gone thro' all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats
 (The wicked laity's contriving
 To hinder clergymen from thriving).
 Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent ;
 The farmers spitefully combin'd
 Force him to take his tithes in kind ;
 And Parvisol discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt,
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate,
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, ' Welcome, Rev'rend Dean ;
 ' What makes your Worship look so lean ?
 ' Why, sure you won't appear in town
 ' In that old wig and rusty gown ;
 ' I doubt your heart is set on pelf
 ' So much, that you neglect yourself.

' What ! I suppose now stocks are high,
 ' You've some good purchase in your eye ;
 ' Or is your money out at use ?—'
 " Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
 (The Doctor in a passion cry'd,)
 " Your railery is misapply'd :
 " Experience I have dearly bought ;
 " You know I am not worth a groat :
 " But 'tis a folly to contest
 " When you resolve to have your jest ;
 " Then, since you now have done your worst,
 " Pray leave me where you found me first."

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

PART OF IT IMITATED.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1713.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
 For life six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
 I ask not to increase my store,
 But should be perfectly content,
 Could I but live on this side Trent,

Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown ;
' Lewis ! the Dean will be of use ;
' Send for him up, take no excuse.'

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

' Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
' Let my Lord know you're come to town.'

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribands blue and green ;
How should I thrust myself between ?
Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
' I thought the Deau had been too proud
' To jostle here among a crowd,'
Another in a sly fit
Tells me I have more zeal than wit ;
' So eager to express your love,
' You ne'er consider whom you shove,
' But rudely press before a Duke.'
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,

And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw.
When twenty souls I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

Thus humbly offers me his case—
That begs my int'rest for a place—
An hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears,
' To-morrow my appeal comes on,
' Without your help the cause is gone'—
" The Duke expects my Lord and you
" About some great affair at two"—
' Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
' To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
' Consider 'tis my first request.'—
" Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best."

Then presently he falls to tease,
" You may for certain, if you please ;
" I doubt not if his lordship knew—
" And Mr. Dean, one word from you."

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As, ' What's o'clock ?' and, ' How's the wind ?'
• ' Whose chariot's that we left behind ?'

Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country-signs ;
 Or, ' Have you nothing new to-day
 ' From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?'
 Such tattle often entertains
 My Lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well.
 ' How think you of our friend the Dean ?
 ' I wonder what some people mean ;
 ' My Lord and he are grown so great,
 ' Always together *tête-à-tête*—
 ' What ! they admire him for his jokes—
 ' See but the fortune of some folks !'
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court ;
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
 ' You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
 ' Inform us, will the emp'ror treat ?
 ' Or, do the prints and papers lie ?'
 " Faith, Sir, you know as much as I."
 ' Ah ! Doctor, how you love to jest !
 ' 'Tis now no secret—" I protest
 " 'Tis one to me."—" Then tell us, pray,
 ' When are the troops to have their pay ?'

And tho' I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
 My choicest hours of life are lost,
 Yet always wishing to retreat :
 Oh, could I see my country seat !
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town.



TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LATE LORD TREASURER.

SENT TO HIM WHEN HE WAS IN THE TOWER, BEFORE
 HIS TRIAL.

OUT OF HORACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1716.

How bless'd is he who for his country dies
 Since Death pursues the coward as he flies !
 The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
 With trembling knees, and Terror at his back ;
 Tho' Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
 Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd yet knows not to repine,
 But shall with unattainted honour shine ;
 Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky,
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward ;
 Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd :
 He who betrays his friend shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me :
 For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked Heav'n involve the just ?
 And tho' the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. i. Epist. 5.

IF, dearest Dismal ! you for once can dine
 Upon a single dish and tavern wine,
 T—l—nd to you this invitation sends,
 To eat the calf's-head with your trusty friends.
 Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
 Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes ;

To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
 Where thou, our latest proselite, shalt share,
 When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
 How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;
 The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
 The wine his blood our predecessor shed;
 Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
 We toast confusion to the race of Kings:
 At monarchy we nobly shew our spight,
 And talk what fools call treason all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
 Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
 Wine can clear up G-d-d-ly's cloudy face,
 And fill J-ck Sin-th with hopes to keep his place;
 By force of wine ev'n Sc-rb-r-gh is brave,
 Hal grows more pert, and S-min-rs not so grave:
 Wine can give P-rt-d wit, and Cl-v-nd sense,
 M-t-g-e learning, B-lt-n eloquence:
 Ch-ly, when drunk, can never lose his wand,
 And L-nc-n then imagines he has land.

My province is to see that all be right,
 Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
 From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
 You shall be coupled as you best approve,
 Seated at table next the men you love.
 S-and-nd, Or-rd, B-le, and R-ch-d's Grace
 Will come; and H-mp-n shall have W-p-le's
 W-rt-n, unless prevented by a whore, [place.
 Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;

But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honest Harry is too apt to st—k.

Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way;
If Cu--ru--sy call, send word you're gone abroad,
He'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs;
But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there,
Then order Squash to call a hackney chair.

ON NOISY TOM.

— Qui promittit, cives, urbem, sibi curae,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare, et quaerere cogit.
Tunc Syri, Damae, aut Dionysi filius, audes
Dejicere e saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

HOR. Lib. 1. Sat. vi. ver. 34—39.

TRANSLATED LITERALLY.

WHOEVER promiseth (in the senate) to take the city (of Rome) and the citizens under his care, nay, the whole empire, Italy, and the temples of the gods; such a man compelleth all mortals curiously to inquire from what father he sprung, and whether his mother were some obscure dishonourable female. (The people would cry out) What,

IMITATIONS.

the son of Cyrus*, or Damas*, or Dionysis*,
 thou cast our citizens down the Tarpeian
 rock, or deliver their prisoners to Cadmus†?

PARAPHRASED.

If Noisy Tom‡ should at the S—n—te prate,
 That he would answer both for church and state;
 And, further to demonstrate his affection,
 Would take the kingdom into his protection;
 All mortals must be curious to enquire
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
 What! thou the span of him§ who shain'd our isle,
 That traitor, assassin, informer vile?
 Tho' by the female side|| you proudly bring,
 To mend your breed, the murd'rer of a king;
 What was thy grandsire** but a mountaineer,
 Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year? [halter,
 Whose master, Moore††, preserv'd him from the
 For stealing cows, nor could he read the Psalter.

* Usual names of slaves at Rome.

† Cadmus was a lictor, an officer who seized on criminals,
 like a constable or messenger of the H— of C—.

‡ Sir Thomas P—.

§ The father of Sir Thomas * * *, who engaged in a plot to
 murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned
 informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with
 a good estate, and made a baronet.

|| C—d—g—n's family.

** A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at
 Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

†† The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procured him a
 pardon.

Durst thou, ungrateful from the S—n—te chase
 Thy founder's grandson*, and usurp his place?
 Just Heav'n! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 Survive in thee, and make the proverb good †.
 Then vote a worthy citizen ‡ to jail,
 In spite of justice, and refuse his bail.

PART OF ODE IX. BOOK IV. HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO DR. WILLIAM KING,

LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,

Paulum sepultæ, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
 Is inactivity at best,
 But never shall the Muse endure
 To let your virtues lie obscure,
 Or suffer envy to conceal
 Your labours for the public weal.
 Within your breast all wisdom lies,
 Either to govern or advise;

* Gay Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-hunters, petitioned the House against him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

† 'Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat.'

‡ Mr. George Faulkner, a very honest eminent printer in Dublin, who was voted to Newgate upon a ridiculous complaint of one Serjeant Bettsworth.

Your steady soul preserves her frame
 In good and evil times the same.
 Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
 Stand in your sacred presence aw'd ;
 Your hand alone from gold abstains,
 Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own
 Whose fortune is not overgrown ;
 And happy he who wisely knows
 To use the gift that Heav'n bestows ;
 Or, if it please the pow'rs divine,
 Can suffer want and not repine.
 The man, who, infamy to shun,
 Into the arms of Death would run,
 That man is ready to defend
 With life his country or his friend.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludant volitantibus umbris, &c.

I.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent night intrude,
 And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the skies,
 Nor can they from infernal mansions rise,

But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

II.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd sports in various whims ;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

III.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head :
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

IV.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes :
With like remorse his brother of the trade
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

V.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got :
Nor less Tom T—dman, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

VI.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees :
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

VII.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

VIII.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

IX.

The lüreling senator of modern days
Bedauls the guilty great with nauseous praise;
And Dick, the scavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED,

AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725-6.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating Isle toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves,
Shall moving thence, now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
Altho' the metaphor be worn and stale,
Between a state and vessel under sail,
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

UNHAPPY ship! thou art return'd in vain,
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again;
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold! it cracks by yon' rough eastern wind.
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union³ once are broke;

Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
While all is calm his arguments prevail,
The people's voice expands his paper sail,
Till pow'r discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags:
The nation scar'd, the ant nor doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in pop'lar breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a pow'r above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heav'n relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke
That thy descent is from the British oak,
Or when your name and family you boast
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights and lost her own.

In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night;
They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.

Dear Vessel ! still be to thy steering just,
Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust,
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.
Wearv and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind.
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore ;
They lie, alas ! too easy to be found ;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

AN ACCOUNT OF
A MONUMENT
 ERECTED TO
THE MEMORY OF DR SWIFT IN IRELAND.
 TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.

SIR,

Ncale, Feb. 14, 1750.

I HAVE at last finished what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a Monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick. The thing in itself is but a trifle, but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect, for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious Pere Castle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this, that after two hundred years they had erect-

ed a monument to Shakspeare, and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, Sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as our's, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue dead, however they may treat them living, since in so doing they bespeak, and almost ensure to themselves, a succession of such useful persons in society. It was with this view that I determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted an hippodrome: it is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks, the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form a hundred arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to the heavens; and, on the dye of the pedestal, I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend:

The second day there is to be a large market upon the ground; and the most regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed, is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also — Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds, and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron, who, with so much care and tenderness, recommended them to others, and cherished them himself.

I am,

Dear, Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. B.

A

PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT,
PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
BY THE LATE JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

**IS PLACED IN THE PICTURE GALLERY THERE, WITH
 THIS INSCRIPTION :**

JONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. & PATRIC. DUBL.
Effigiem viri Mosis amississimi
Ingenio prorsus sibi proprio celeberrimæ
Vt ipsam suis Oxoniensibus aliquatenus
Redonaret,
Parietem habere voluit Bodleianum,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
Iohannes Barber, Arniger,
Aldermanus,
Nec ita pridem Prætor Londinensis.

THE FOREGOING IN ENGLISH.

JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

This Portrait of the Muses' Friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himself,
That he might in some sort be restored to his
Oxford friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian Gallery,

A. D. MDCCXXXIX,

At the desire of John Barber, Esq. Alderman,
And some time Lord Mayor of London.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SEOE LANE.

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